Clipper Ship *Three Brothers* of New York.

HENRY H. ANDERSON, JR.

FAIR WINDS & FOUL

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A Narrative of Daily Life Aboard an American Clipper Ship

BY

FREDERICK PERRY

WHO MADE THE VOYAGES

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DEDICATION

"To the most tyrannical but just and lovable little captain,

That ever trod the quarter deck of the good ship 'Matrimony',

My wife, this book is affectionately dedicated by the Author."

PREFACE

A PERIOD in the commerce of the United States remains unrecorded except in the official annals. It is a most important period because it records the pioneer development of the deep sea trading that to-day places this country so high in active competition with the open markets of the world.

Prior to 1866 the Packet Ships carried passengers and merchandise from port to port on the Atlantic Ocean. A few years later the Clipper Ship Service was started; these sailing ships were specially built and rigged for speed and they followed the deep sea routes between the Atlantic ports, the East Indies, China and California and the seaboard cities of South America. They operated until about the year 1884, when the lower wages of Great Britain and Germany made competition too keen for them to survive. Just following this period the transcontinental railroads were developed to transport freight to the west coast, and a little later the steam vessel became a factor in the oceanic trade.

In 1873, I was appointed as a cadet midshipman in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, under a government subsidy granted to this company for the purpose of educating four hundred young men to act as officers in the United States Mercantile Marine. We were known all the world over as the "Rufus Hatch Cadets," as Rufus Hatch was the creator of the idea and

the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Rated as junior officers, we pursued a course in naval architecture, international and commercial law, steam engineering, navigation, and practical seamanship under the supervision of the ships' officers, who were mostly naval officers on detached duty. At the end of the three-year course we were supposed to be able to fill any position on any ship.

After finishing this course I entered the service of the California Clipper ships, and my great admiration for what I always believed and still do believe to be the prettiest and most graceful object ever built by man to sail the ocean—a full-rigged Clipper ship—leads me to perpetuate, if possible, the honour and glory that once belonged to this class of vessels which is practically obsolete.

This book relates the stories of several voyages that I made, while working my way up from third mate to first mate at the height of the history of the California Clipper ships. It is a narrative based on fact and developed from actual experiences. The incidents record the everyday life of the men on board the ships of that day, and in order to make the picture of historical value, an accurate painting of the rather sordid conditions is necessary. It is, therefore, a true picture of those long-past days and a careful representation of a system that produced the roughest and toughest specimens of humanity for the conduct of a calling that presented hardships almost beyond belief, but that built the foundation for the commerce which has advanced the United States to its present high place as a world trader.

F. P.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE story of life on a clipper ship has been told before, but usually from the point of view of the captain, supreme and apart, or of that hard-driven human engine, the man before the mast. Mr. Perry's book presents it from another view point, one which is less known but undoubtedly of equal, if not greater, interest than the others—that of the mate, the man whom he describes as the "general manager, auditor, superintendent, humorist, blasphemer, sailing-master, official log-keeper, work-creator and sleep-destroyer" of the ship.

That Mr. Perry is writing from personal experience will be evident to anyone reading the pages of this book, but it may be as well to supplement what he says in his Preface with the following information:—

During his three years' course as cadet the author saw service in the following vessels:—*City of Pekin*, *Colon*, *Acapulco*, *Colima*, *Granada*, *City of Panama*, the paddle-steamer *Montana*, and a chartered British steamer, *Vasco da Gama*, and visited practically all the ports on the American Atlantic seaboard from New York to Colon or Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama, besides making voyages to China, Australia, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, California, Mexico and the Pacific coast as far south as Panama.

On the conclusion of his service as cadet he was offered a berth on the *Continental*, Captain Clark, a clipper ship bound from New York, around Cape Horn, to San

Francisco. This ship was owned by personal friends, and though the author had no actual experience upon sailing vessels, the training he had received on the *City of Pekin*, which was full ship rigged, enabled him to ship as third mate. At this rating he also made the voyage home from San Francisco to New York and a second voyage out to San Francisco. On the return voyage he shipped as second mate and retained that position for the voyage back to the Pacific and then to Liverpool. From Liverpool he sailed to New York as first mate.

He held this rating on the *Continental* for the following three years and had every prospect of the command of one of the ships belonging to the same owners, but on the next voyage to the Pacific Captain Clark became ill, as the result of poisoning, and his condition became so serious that the author ran the ship into Rio to obtain medical assistance. What happened thereafter can best be told in his own words:—

"I left the captain at Rio and proceeded with the ship to San Francisco, but I am sorry to say, the crew, thinking, perhaps, that I was too young a man to be skipper, started to raise hell, and they did, and so did I. When the trouble was over, the mate was in his room with two fractured ribs and the crew in irons and triced up to the spanker boom, but, in ten minutes after the tricing up, every mother's son of them was back to work.

"We had no further trouble during the balance of the voyage, except that the mate, when he was able to get around again, and also the other officers, took no chances with the men and, at times, used heavers and belaying-pins a little too freely. The consequence was that, when we arrived at 'Frisco, they went ashore in the pilot boat to escape the clutches of the law. Captain Clark was there to greet me, but later, owing to a difference of opinion

between Judge Sawyer and myself as to what constituted cruelty on the high seas, I was forced to jump my bail and come east overland, without bidding the judge good-bye."

This incident caused Captain Clark to recommend the owners not to give the author the command of a vessel immediately, but that he should remain as mate of the *Continental* for another voyage, after which Captain Clark would retire and the ship could be given to Mr. Perry; with this result:—

"I was rather disappointed at this turn of affairs and, sacrificing all the years of service in this company in a moment of pique, I shipped on the *Geo. Peabody* with Captain Rube Lawrence. When this ship came to her untimely end, I found myself stranded in Valparaiso, Chile. I spent a short time on a new barque called the *Wm. H. Thayer* bound to Pisagua, Chile, for a load of nitrate, with Captain Gibson. But the grub was so bad that I left upon her return to Valparaiso. It was a good thing I did, for she sailed for Hampton Roads, Virginia, for orders, and was never heard from. (One of the ships that never returned.) Mr. Jackson, an old grey-headed second mate who had been with me in the *Geo. Peabody*, had taken my place. Hard luck for poor old Jackson."

After that the author served on various vessels, mostly on the Pacific coast of the United States, until in 1883 he signed on as mate of the clipper ship *Adolph Obrig*, bound for Liverpool with wheat. From Liverpool the *Adolph Obrig* was chartered to sail for Calcutta, but as wages were dropping and freights were falling and 144 clipper ships were lying idle in San Francisco harbour, the author took a steamer for home.

On his retirement from the sea, Mr. Perry became a valued and respected official of the Rockland Light and Power Company, one of the important Public Utility

Corporations managed by Charles H. Tenney and Company of Boston, Mass., U.S.A., the organizers of the "Tenney Service."

A picture of the *Continental* is, unfortunately, not available, so cannot be reproduced in this volume, but the ships illustrated were all afloat at the time or this story and show the type of vessel then in use in the American Mercantile Marine.

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FAIR WINDS AND FOUL

CHAPTER I

"A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow!"
Deep Sea Chanty.

PRIOR to the advent of steam, two celebrated American lines of sailing vessels plied between New York and the European ports. Together they comprised the packet ships, but, individually, they generally were known as the Tapscott Line and the Blackball Line; the latter taking its name from the design of its house flag, a black ball in the centre of a white field. The ships of both lines sailed from the old Packet Ship Pier at the foot of Fulton Street on the East River, New York, where the fish market now stands. They were together in name only, for a bitter rivalry existed between them in their struggle for both passenger and freight supremacy.

One of the fastest and most celebrated vessels of all the packet ships was the *Dreadnaught* of the Red Cross Line, whose fame has been brought down to posterity by the words of the deep sea chanty:

"Talk about your Packets, Tapscott or Blackball,
The *Dreadnaught's* the packet that outsails them all;
She looks like a phantom as she reels to and fro,
Bound away to westward in the *Dreadnaught* we go."

Another old sea chanty very fully describes the strenuous life on board these packet ships:

"The second mate stands them all up in a row,
A seam in the deck he sure makes them all toe;
It's 'Jump up there, you lubbers, and shake those topsails out,'
The last man in the rigging he clouts on the snout."

While these lines may lack poetic beauty, they express to the highest degree the vim and energy that men put into work on the vessels of that day.

I remember that even in the early 'seventies a few of these old packets occasionally were seen moored at the East River piers, and prominent among them were the *Martha Washington*, *Hamilton Fish*, *W. H. Webb*, *Alexander Marshall*, the *Arctic*, and the *Antarctic*. Also, at times, the celebrated but fast-disappearing China tea clippers were moored along the water-front.

All the world over these vessels were noted for their graceful lines, speed and spread of canvas. They carried not only the ordinary standard sails of the later-day ships, but, in addition, topmast and topgallant stuns'ls, moon-sails, and even ring-tailed drivers (a sail that was set on a spritsail yard attached to the end of the bowsprit). In later years the tremendous spread of lighter sails was greatly reduced, more length was given to the lower yards, thus bringing a larger amount of canvas closer to the decks. This arrangement seemed to permit the ship as much speed and perhaps a little more than the lighter sails, which were discarded.

The *Red Jacket*, the *Blue Jacket*, *Golden Dragon*, *N. B. Palmer* and the *Benefactor* are recorded on the annals of history for some of the remarkable trips they made while in the service of the China tea clippers.

As the tea clippers passed from the sea, another class of ships came into the mercantile service to serve the commerce of the world. These were the California clipper ships, and, at the time of which I write (the early 'seventies), it was a usual sight to see a fleet of twenty or thirty of these ships at one time in the foreign ports of Liverpool, Hull, Queenstown, Cardiff, Havre or Bordeaux. A few of this large fleet celebrated for their speed were the *Young*

America, Three Brothers, North America, Glory of the Sea, Oracle, Sovereign of the Seas, M. P. Grace, Triumphant and the *Levi C. Wade.*

In those days, South Street from Peck's Slip to Coentie's was the Great White Way of New York City, where they congregated. Hardly a pier in this section did not harbour a famous clipper. Their tall masts and brightly-varnished spars towered above the roofs of the surrounding warehouses; their long jibbooms extended far out over South Street, and beneath them the passenger-laden horse-cars plodded slowly back and forth.

The Sutton Line, sailing from Pier 19, and the Williams Line, from Pier 11, were the two most widely known lines confined exclusively to California trade, and their rivalry for freight was expressed in vividly coloured posters placarded on all the blank walls along South Street, flaunting in the face of the passer-by the merits of each line; even then, as to-day, speed was the prime factor.

Four ships usually were moored at each pier, two on either side and, when freight moved freely, one ship and sometimes two a week was the average sailing.

Loading a vessel is always a puzzle to the average landsman; he cannot understand how the piles and piles of boxes, barrels and cases of merchandise that disappear each day down the ship's hatches never seem to fill her up. The bulk of the goods lying on the piers always seems to total at least three times the capacity of the ship's hold. Successful loading is the secret of the stevedore's art. He makes a speciality of fitting two cases in where, apparently, one ought to be. A miscellaneous cargo consists of everything imaginable, from a baby carriage to a locomotive; from crates of plate glass eight feet by twelve to bottles of patent medicine packed twelve to a case.

In the days of the clipper ship, cargo included whisky

in barrels, kegs of nails, bales of cotton, all mixed in with iron rails and a hundred other articles of utility. The whole cargo had to be stored and blocked off so that it could not shift, no matter how heavily the ship might roll or pitch during the voyage, and at the same time it had to keep her on an even keel and properly trimmed.

Once loaded, the time until unloading was a matter of speculation. With few exceptions, the fast vessels of the fleet made the passage from New York to San Francisco within one hundred and thirty days and then home; to Liverpool or to Queenstown, in one hundred and ten days; but the majority of the fleet did not complain if the outward passage took one hundred and thirty-five days and the homeward one hundred and twenty.

The passage of the California clipper ship into history has deprived sailing of some of its picturesqueness. I stood, one bright sunny morning, on a hill in San Francisco and witnessed a marine picture which will live for ever in my memory, one which I wish I could visualize for the generations that will never see it—a fleet of some thirty or more clipper ships were racing for the Golden Gate, each eager to be the first to end the voyage. Their newly-painted black hulls glistened like ebony on a sea of blue splashed with white-crested waves, their newly-varnished spars shone in the golden sunlight, and billowing over all, against the blue sky, their tiers of white canvas seemed to bulge and heave, each in its individual effort to bring that ship home first over the harbour bar.

CHAPTER II

"She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel."

LONGFELLOW.

I KNOW from experience that all ships have a personality, even as you and I. With their likes and dislikes, their individual characteristics and moods, they must be pampered and catered for just as the best of women are cared for. Perhaps that is why ships are always spoken of in the feminine gender.

Such an individual character was fully developed in the good ship *Continental*, on a trip around Cape Horn, which I will relate to you. Although she was one of the fastest vessels of the fleet, at times she had to be nursed, cuddled, coaxed or chidden, as the case might be, in order to maintain the desired speed. Speed was necessary on the voyage we are about to take on the *Continental*, for she had to carry her cargo around the Horn to San Francisco within one hundred and eighty days if her owners' contract was to be kept.

In order that those of my readers who have never seen a vessel of this class may be able to form some idea of my surroundings during the few months of the voyage, I will describe the ship *Continental*, who is really the heroine of this narrative.

As she lay fully loaded at Pier 19, East River, New York, the *Continental* measured over all her slick black hull just two hundred and fifty feet; her breadth of beam amidships was forty-one feet; her net tonnage was seventeen hundred and twelve tons, and she could carry twenty-five hundred

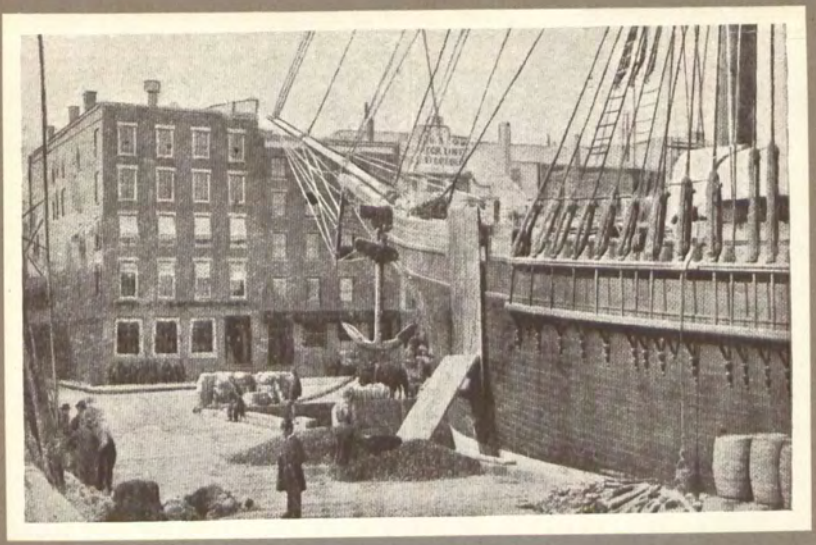
tons gross of cargo on a loading draft of twenty-three feet six inches; the depth of her hold was thirty feet. When new and fully equipped she cost one hundred and twelve thousand dollars.

Standing by the wheel on her quarter-deck and looking forward to the end of her brightly polished jibboom, which projected some ninety feet outboard beyond her bow (in fact, it poked its nose right into the warehouse across the street), you realized that she was "some lady of the sea" and quite entitled to her whims and fancies.

She carried three masts: the one farthest forward was the foremast, with its topmast and topgallant-mast; the next one, coming aft, was the mainmast, with its topmast and topgallant-mast; and the third and last one, which ran down through the cabin, was the mizzen-mast, with its topmast and topgallant-mast. The mainmast was the highest, measuring one hundred and ninety-five feet from the mast step in the keelson at the bottom of the ship to the truck at the top of the main topgallant-mast. Several feet shorter was the foremast, and still shorter than the foremast was the mizzen-mast.

Each mast carried five yards; the lower ones on each mast were known as the fore, the main and the mizzen, or cross-jack (pronounced as though spelled c-r-o'-j-a-c-k) yards. Longest of these was the main-yard, measuring about ninety feet. Passing from the lower yards upward in succession came the lower topsail, upper topsail, topgallant and the royal yards; each one a few feet shorter than the one directly below it.

Her other spars were known as the fore and aft spars; first of these was the bowsprit, extending some twenty feet outboard beyond the bow with an extension called the jibboom. This telescoped out through iron bands on the bowsprit's end for an additional seventy feet and was stayed

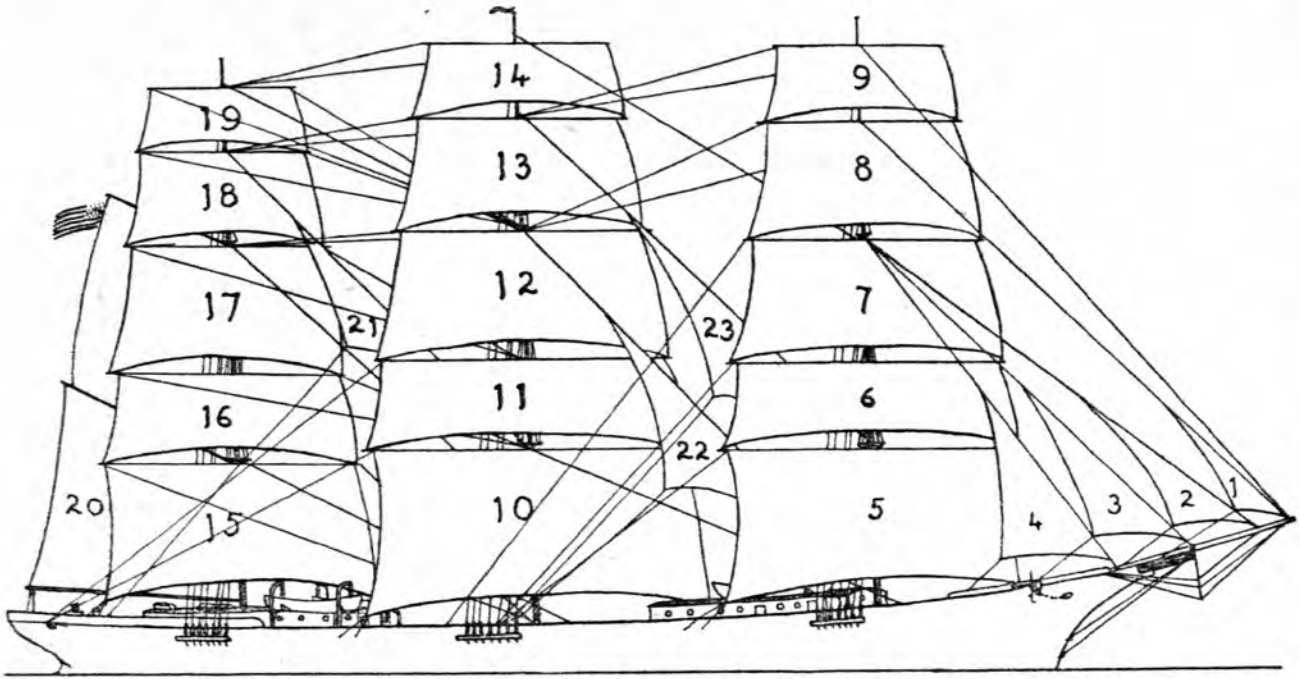


Pier 19, East River, New York.

on either side by heavy wire ropes, known as jibboom guys. From the end of the bowsprit, hung by a heavy iron hook caught in the iron band that closed around the inner end of the jibboom, was another spar known as the dolphin striker. This was about twelve feet long and was held in place by heavy iron chain back-stays to the catheads on either bow and the jumper-stays attached to iron bands on the jibboom. There were three heavy iron goose-neck nips on each side through which were rove the heavy wire jib and topsail stays that led in from the jibboom beyond and were set up by lanyards on the catheads on either side. The catheads were two heavy timbers, one set on either side of the forecastle head; they projected outboard some six feet, and upon them the anchors were hoisted and fastened when not in use.

The next fore and aft spar was the main spencer gaff, which extended out some twelve feet from a heavy iron band clamped around the mainmast just below the maintop. The spanker boom extended some five feet aft out over the taffrail, or stern of the ship, from the saddle or iron band that was attached to the mizzen-mast. About thirty feet above, just under the mizzen-top, was the spanker gaff and at the topmast head was a little spar known as the monkey gaff. The signal halliards, which were rove through the outer end of the monkey gaff, led down to the deck, and were used for flag signalling at sea and for raising the national ensign when the ship was in port. All masts were secured to their proper positions by series of heavy wire shrouds on either side, by stays leading forward and back-stays leading aft.

The driving power of the ship was vested in her sails, and they are next to be considered. Starting with the outward end of the jibboom (towards the bow is always spoken of as forward), and working aft, or towards the stern of the ship, the first sail was the balloon jib-topsail; the next,



Sail Plan.—(1) Flying jib. (2) Outer jib. (3) Inner jib. (4) Fore-topmast-staysail. (5) Forecourse. (6) Fore-lower-topsail. (7) Fore-upper-topsail. (8) Fore-topgallant-sail. (9) Fore-royal. (10) Main-course. (11) Main-lower-topsail. (12) Main-upper-topsail. (13) Main-topgallant-sail. (14) Main-royal. (15) Cross-jack. (16) Mizzen-lower-topsail. (17) Mizzen-upper-topsail. (18) Mizzen-topgallant-sail. (19) Mizzen-royal. (20) Spanker. (21) Mizzen-topgallant-staysail. (22) Main-topmast-staysail. (23) Main-topgallant-staysail.

the outer jib; then the inner jib, and the fore-staysail, all triangular sails set forward of the foremast. Between the main and the foremast was the main topmast, the main topgallant and the main royal staysails. Between the main and the mizzen-masts were the main spencer, mizzen topmast and mizzen topgallant staysails, and abaft the mizzen-mast was the spanker. These were what were called the fore and aft sails.

The lower square-sails on both the fore and mainmasts were called the foresail and the mainsail, or the fore and main courses. Looking from the deck upward, we would see above the mainsail on the fore and main masts, and above the spanker on the mizzen, first the lower and upper topsails, then the topgallant-sails and royals. All square-sails were fastened to their yards by what were called rovings, which were made of braided yarns, or spun yarn, passed through eyelet holes in the head of the sails and then around the iron jack-stays that ran along the top of each yard. These jack-stays were held in place by iron dogs driven into the yards about a foot apart. All square-sails were set by hauling home the ropes, called sheets, attached to the clew, in the lower corner of each sail, so that the sail was spread between its yard and the yard below. The sails were taken in by the use of ropes known as clew-lines, leech-lines and bunt-lines, which gathered the sail up to the yard. A set of these ropes was on each side of the sails, and they were called starboard and port, or lee and weather, according to their respective positions. Each set of ropes extended to the deck through three-hole fair-leaders that were attached to the standing-rigging and made fast to the pins in the ship's rail. The forward hole contained the clew-line; the middle, the bunt-line; and the after ones, the leech-lines. The fair-leader on the forward shroud carried the lower sail gear, and each shroud next aft carried

the gear of the next higher sail. This mode of leads was practically standard, having been adopted on all ships by all nations, so that a sailor was never handicapped in the darkest night by ignorance of the rigging.

All fore and aft sails were controlled by halliards for hoisting and downhauls for taking in. All yards were controlled by braces with which to swing the yards, and those above the lower topsail yard by lifts for hoisting. Both braces and lifts were known as starboard and port (or lee and weather). The braces of the fore and main courses led aft through sheaves in the ship's rail to their respective pins, and those from upper yards to blocks on the main- and mizzen-masts respectively, while those from the mizzen-yards led forward, passing through blocks fastened to the mainmast, then down through the fair-leaders, which were attached to the back-stays, to the pinrail. All lower topsail yards were fastened in their respective places by truss arms set into iron swivel sockets attached to heavy iron bands bolted securely around the mast. The upper topsail, the topgallant and royal yards, having a hoist, were fastened to heavy iron hoops which, when the masts were well greased, slipped easily up and down as the sails were set or taken in.

Considering the deck plan and beginning at the bow, the forecastle deck was set flush with the toprail, and in its centre the main capstan was located. This was connected by a shaft to the windlass below and was used for heaving in the two-inch iron cables that were attached to the anchors at the bow. It was also on this deck that the head sails were handled and the forward look-out stood during the night and in foggy weather. Underneath the forecastle deck on the main deck was the windlass with the mechanism that led the anchor cables down through iron pipes to the chain lockers in the fore-peak. On either side of the

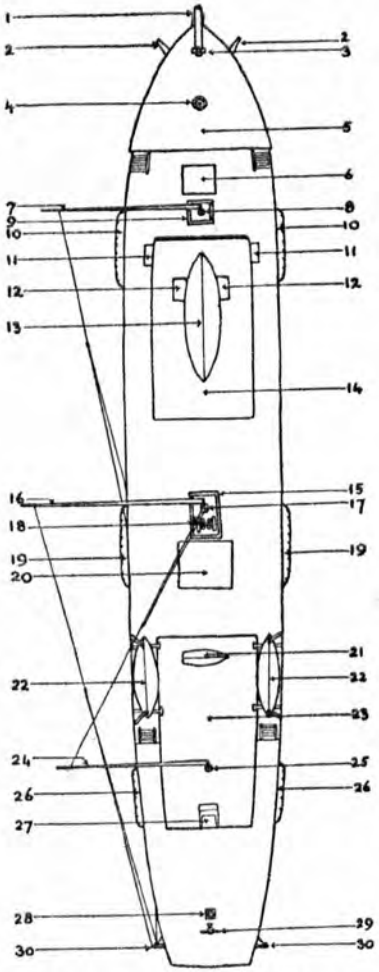
windlass were half a dozen small lockers in which were kept blocks and gear, used daily in the workings of the ship, and (at times) a stock of codfish and potatoes were kept in a ventilated portion constructed for that purpose. Here also was located the pig pen, for every ship had to carry a couple of fresh porkers for a mess when food was scarce off the Capes. Next, aft, was the fore-hatch, covered by a hatch-house, from which a pair of steps led down into the forepeak where the larger part of the ship's stores were kept. (See plan on page 13.)

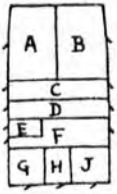
The forward deck-house was next in line. In the forward end of this were the sailors' quarters with bunks for ten men on each side and a partition, running fore and aft, dividing it in the middle. Passing aft one found the sail-locker, the carpenter's shop, the galley and the cook's room, running athwartship, and in the after end, the carpenter's and the boatswain's room, with the paint lockers separating them from the room on the opposite side containing four berths, used by the apprentice boys. Lashed in heavy wooden beds on the top of the deck-house was a long-boat, about thirty feet over all, which was always kept fully equipped with water, provisions and all necessary supplies, even to fishing-tackle, that would be needed in case the ship had to be abandoned. Beside the long-boat were lashed two chicken coops and a couple of light spars. On the main deck on either side of this forward house were located two large square wooden water tanks with a capacity of one thousand gallons each; these were securely fastened by iron bands and bolts to the house frame and the deck beams beneath.

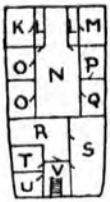
In the after house, which came next in line and projected for about a third of its length on to the main deck from the break of the quarter-deck, were situated the quarters of the captain, first and second mates and the steward. This

cabin was fitted with all the best equipment of the ocean liner of that period. In the after part the captain had his reception-room, chart-room and sleeping-room with a bath-tub and accessories complete for his comfort, with the exception of hot running water. Adjoining and forward of the captain's quarters was the dining-room, with a couple of state-rooms opening out of it. On the starboard side of the dining cabin the steward had his pantry with its metal-lined bread locker to protect the ship's hard tack from the evil effects of the weevil, one of the most bothersome pests that destroys a ship's supplies at sea. Two entrances led from the main deck into either side of the front of the dining cabin, passing the cabins of the mates, and a rear entrance led from the captain's reception-room to the quarter-deck. The quarter-deck was about four feet higher than the main deck, and the after house was about three feet higher than the quarter-deck. Two double-ended lifeboats, each some twenty feet long, hung from iron davits and were lashed to iron beds that spanned the alleyways leading from the main deck past the projecting end of the after house to the steps up to the quarter-deck. These boats were kept fully equipped for any emergency. On top of the after house was a small dinghy, light but strong and easy to launch at a moment's notice in case a man fell overboard. Amidship aft, on the quarter-deck, was the wheel by which the ship was steered, and the binnacle stand, upon which was the compass, with built-in lockers around the sides containing the signal flags.

In addition to the two water tanks located alongside of the forward house was a round iron tank, having a capacity of three thousand gallons of water. Its top was set flush with the deck and its bottom rested on the keelson just abaft the mainmast. The total capacity of these three tanks was five thousand gallons, but as nine thousand







Deck Plan.—(1) Bowsprit. (2) Cathead. (3) Bitts. (4) Main capstan. (5) Forecastle deck. (6) Fore-hatch. (7) Fore-yard. (8) Foremast. (9) Fore fife-rail. (10) Fore channels. (11) Water tank. (12) Chicken coops. (13) Long-boat. (14) Fore house. (15) Main fife-rail. (16) Main-yard. (17) Mainmast. (18) Main pump. (19) Main channels. (20) Main-hatch. (21) Dinghey. (22) Lifeboats. (23) After house. (24) Crossjack-yard. (25) Mizzen-mast. (26) Mizzen channels. (27) Companion-way. (28) Binnacle. (29) Steering wheel. (30) Boomkins.

House Plan.—(A) Port forecastle. (B) Starboard forecastle. (C) Sail locker. (D) Carpenter's shop. (E) Cook's room. (F) Galley. (G) Boatswain and carpenter. (H) Lamp-room. (J) Four apprentices. (K) First Mate. (L) Passage-way. (M) Second Mate. (N) Dining cabin. (O) State-room. (P) Breadlocker. (Q) Pantry. (R) Captain's sleeping cabin. (S) Captain's reception-room. (T) Chart-room. (U) Captain's bathroom. (V) Lobby.

gallons were required for the voyage, rain water had to be depended upon to replenish the supply during the voyage.

The work of navigating the ship fell to the captain and the first mate. Each ship was generally equipped with two chronometers which had been carefully and accurately adjusted prior to the beginning of each voyage (the ratings given on the day of sailing were always fractions of tenths of seconds fast or slow), a card and a spirit compass, with an instrument called a pelorus, which is used in correcting compass variations, a barometer and a thermometer. The captain and the mate each had his own sextant and marine glasses.

At nine o'clock ship's time each morning, weather permitting, the mate took two altitude sights showing the altitude of the sun above the horizon, while at the same moment, in the cabin below, the captain noted the exact time as shown by the chronometers. If the weather was stormy and no horizon was visible at nine o'clock, the altitudes were taken at three o'clock in the afternoon if then possible. This was done in order to check the difference between the time on the ship and the mean time, as shown by the chronometers, at Greenwich, England, where the longitude is zero. Every chronometer is rated from that place and the position of a ship is designated as east or west of there.

When the binnacle clock showed ten minutes before the noon hour (this clock having been advanced or retarded according to the morning altitude), the captain and the mate gathered on the quarter-deck and, with their sextants in hand, got an altitude of the sun, which at that time was approaching the zenith overhead. As it reaches the apex, the sun appears to move more and more slowly, causing the observer to keep his eye constantly to his instrument. Then the moment arrives when the lower limb of the sun, seen

through the sextant, begins to fall below the horizon, and this is the astronomical signal that high noon has arrived in that particular part of the ocean. When this occurred the order was given to the helmsman to make the time eight bells and all watches and clocks were set accordingly. The captain and the mate compared altitudes and each repaired to his own room to work out his sights in his own way, and when they met at dinner they exchanged slips, showing the result obtained as to latitude and longitude and the ship's position.

In addition to all this, the mate and the second mate kept a log slate on which was recorded the compass course and the speed made during each hour, and also, hourly, the temperature of the water, the conditions of the weather, the cloud forms and the amount of sail carried. The data from this log slate were used to compute what was called "dead reckoning." The results were compiled each noon and a copy was furnished to the captain for comparison with the results that were obtained by observation. The landsman would be surprised to see how closely these different methods of reckoning agreed.

The speed of the vessel usually was judged by an experienced sailor glancing over the ship's side; this was later verified by heaving the log at the end of a watch.

I remember that on one occasion when the ship's chronometers were put out of commission by a heavy sea striking under our counter off Cape Horn, we ran from there by "dead reckoning" to Cape Clear without sighting a vessel or making a land-fall, and we found upon picking up land that we were only fourteen miles out of our true course.

CHAPTER III

" Who do you think was captain of her ?
Blow, boys, blow ;
One-eyed Pete, old Renzo's brother,
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow ! "
Deep Sea Chanty.

THE captain of the *Continental* was a typical old salt, having spent forty-five years of his life in sail, during thirty-five of which he was the master. He had the utmost contempt for steam vessels and their officers; referring to the vessels as " steam kettles," and maintaining that any " old woman " could take one across the Atlantic Ocean, as the only order that had to be given was to tell the quarter-master to head her east-north-east to Liverpool and west-south-west back to New York. His inherent belief was that no man should be called a sailor until he had his corns soaked in salt water going around Cape Horn. His record at Lloyd's showed that in the thirty-five years in which he had been ship's master he had never called on the underwriters for a loss.

To the passer-by he may have appeared rough and uncouth, and at times even repulsive, but once the outer surface had been pierced and you came in touch with what lay within, you found a man with a heart as big as an ox, generous, kind and liberal—a credit to the profession that he followed. On board ship he was monarch of all he surveyed. What he said was law and no one cared to dispute it. He had the power to make or break any officer on the ship, and he even had the right to take life in case of a mutiny that might endanger the safety of

his vessel. In case of an emergency the law granted him the power to unite persons in wedlock and to conduct burial services. The only limit to his judicial power of which I ever heard was that he could not issue the divorce decree. He was independent on board of the ship, standing no regular watch but coming and going as he chose.

The general manager, auditor, superintendent, humorist, blasphemer, sailing master, official log-keeper, work creator and sleep destroyer was the chief mate. He was the man that the captain held responsible for everything on the ship from truck to keel, and from taffrail to the end of the jibboom; he had to give good reasons for head winds, calms, storms, loss of trade winds; he had to account for the drop in freight rates prior to sailing and he had to prophesy their rise before the ship reached port. He had to know how the wife and family of the captain were getting along each day and why the cook spoiled the plum duff, and had to give a reason why the sailors fed tobacco to the pigs.

In order to maintain his dignity as much as possible, the smart first mate usually passed the buck along to the second mate, and, in turn, the second mate laid all his troubles to the boatswain. They had a unique way of maintaining dignity or "saving their face," as it was rather vulgarly called on shipboard: the captain damned the mate, the mate damned the second mate, the second mate damned the whole crew and the crew damned the steward; then the steward damned the cook and "hoped their souls of leather would go to hell upon a hardtack raft, with salthorse hitched together." So, if one of the ship's company was on speaking terms with another one after being cooped up for six months within the small space of a ship's decks, it was nothing short of a miracle.

In making our final preparations for sailing, the few officers we had on board and the apprentices were kept busy; the pigs were stowed away in their pen under the forecastle head, the chickens were in their coops on the forward house, the cabbages, potatoes and other fresh vegetables that we had been able to obtain were in their respective lockers. The salthorse and hardtack, which were the principal part of a sailor's rations, were already stored away in the forepeak. A busy, puffing little tug came along, took our hawser and, as we cast off our moorings from the pier, she hauled us out into the busy river. We dropped anchor for the night off Bedloe's Island, to await the arrival of our crew of twenty men, who were due to come aboard at sunrise. During the night the officers stood the "anchor watches," which were divided into periods of two hours each. At daybreak, just as the ferry-boats began their trips of passage back and forth across the bay, carrying the city toilers to work, a tug came puffing down towards us.

The tug was loaded to the gunwales with our crew and their dunnage, which consisted of straw beds (familiarly known as "donkey breakfasts"), sea chests and kit-bags. A boarding master's idea of a sailor's outfit for a six months' voyage was about as follows: a "donkey's breakfast," a south-wester and a suit of oilskins, a pair of overalls, a pair of rubber boots, a blanket and a belt with a sheath knife. Quite often the belt and sheath knife, although really essential, were omitted, and the sailor upon asking for them would get the following answer: "Sheath knife and belt be damned; nothing looks so neat on a sailor as a clean piece of rope yarn." As a finishing touch to this outfit, just as he was about to ship out, a plug of tobacco and a pint of whisky were added.

The crew was mustered on board to await inspection

and release by one of the deputy shipping commissioners. To the officers now came one of the most unpleasant periods of the voyage—inspecting and searching the whole crew. An American sailor or, for that matter, any other sailor, was a very peculiar creature. Before joining his ship he considered it his bounden duty to fill his skin full of the worst brand of drink obtainable on the city water-front, and he spent his last night ashore in one grand and glorious drunk and burn-out. Naturally, in the morning, when he was tossed half-loaded and very sleepy aboard a tug-boat and taken off to a ship to start a six months' voyage, his disposition was considerably soured and he was in the pink of condition to pick a row with any person with whom he might come in contact. As he was half hoisted over the rail and his bag or chest was thrown after him with no very gentle hand by the runner from the boarding-house which had him in charge, he realized that his period of wild and hilarious shore leave was over. With money gone, aching head, and obsessed by the worst possible humour, he dragged his dunnage forward to the stuffy forecastle which was to be his only home for the next six months.

All hands were mustered aft while the shipping commissioner called the roll. As each name was called the man answering crossed to the other side of the deck after certifying to the commissioner that he had been fully settled with by his boarding master. He was then turned over to the ship's officers and it was up to them to guard him, for the boarding master, with his receipt signed by the commissioner, would if possible quickly smuggle him to shore again and sign him up with some other vessel. The ship would not only lose the man, but the ship's owners would be out the two months' wages advanced to the boarding master when the receipt was signed.

Out of forty or fifty dollars, the boarding master was supposed to withhold only that amount due to him for board and outfit, and to turn over the balance to the sailor. In all my eleven years' experience at sea I never heard of a sailor who, at the hour of departure, was not indebted to his boarding master. If he should dare to complain to the commissioner before signing his release, the boarding master would take him ashore and his final end would be known only to the police or the coroner. This system of paying advance money was the greatest evil with which the sailor had to contend.

And now the search of the sailors' dunnage was completed. All whisky, firearms, stilettoes and blackjacks had been confiscated and locked in a place of safety. The commissioners, boarding masters and runners were ordered ashore. The crew, under the watchful eyes of the ship's officers, were hustled on to the forecastle head to man the capstan and heave up anchor—the last link connecting us with the ground of New York harbour. At the word of command, twenty husky sailors manned the long capstan bars and, moving slowly, they sang the chorus of a deep sea chanty, their shuffling feet marking the rhythm:

"Blow, boys, blow, for California oh!"

Presently the slack chain was hove in and the lusty voice of the mate was heard above the chanty, as he turned and shouted to the captain, who was walking back and forth on the quarter-deck: "Anchor's hove short, sir!"

The ocean-going tug, which was to tow us clear of Sandy Hook, moved slowly ahead, taking up the slack on the towing hawser. The order was given to "heave ahead," and once more the musical click of the pals, the rhythm of heavy feet, the sharp, snappy orders of the mate as he hailed the quarter-deck with the information

that "the anchor's aweigh, sir," all made a melody of sound and action that are as fresh in my memory after thirty years as though I heard them yesterday.

A signal was given to the tug to "go ahead full speed," and, in the brilliant morning sunshine, over the smooth and placid water, we started on the first leg of that long voyage that was to take us around the southern point of South America and into the United States once more, through the Golden Gate, before we would see the port of home again.

CHAPTER IV

" Blow, boys, blow, for California oh,
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento."

Deep Sea Chanty.

We were now in tow, heading out towards the Narrows, but running close along the green-clad shore of Staten Island, which, shining radiant in the early morning sun, made a picture so inviting that we hated to think of the vast stretches of blue-green water ahead before we would feast our longing eyes once more on God's green acres.

The anchor was now hanging securely to the catheads, and as the wind blew fair, we began to loose and set such sails as would draw. As the white shining folds of canvas swelled out into the freshening breeze, catching the tints of blue and gold reflected from the sun and sky, the beauty of a clipper ship assumed reality.

Out by Fort Wadsworth, wending our way carefully through the tortuous narrow channel, we soon reached the South-west Spit. Then with a sharp, quick turn around Sandy Hook, with all sails drawing nicely, we headed for Sandy Hook Lightship, the red hull of which was discernible on the horizon some twenty miles away. The tug was now discharged, and we all waved a final good-bye. Under our own headway we soon reached the pilot boat that was always stationed near the lightship to pick up the outgoing pilots. So, backing our main yard, we hove to and discharged our pilot, and thus the last human contact with the great city behind us was gone. As soon as the pilot was clear of the ship's side, yards were braced

again and then, with all sails set and drawing, we went bowling merrily away before the freshening breeze, heading across towards the Cape Verde islands.

To the landsman this laying a course towards the eastward when we were bound to the southward is peculiar, but the navigation of a sailing ship was a far different matter from that of a steamer. On the latter, a course is steered for a destined port of call in as straight a line as possible, regardless of the direction of either wind or currents, while on the former, both winds and currents had to be considered by what is called forelaying. For example, if we laid a course in a straight line for Cape St. Roque on the coast of Brazil, which was the most easterly point that we had to weather, the north-east trade winds would force us so far to the westward that to get around the Cape we would have had to beat out against a head-wind. Therefore we forelaid by running out our longitude in high latitudes so that, when we picked up the trade winds in about 35 degrees north latitude, we could run to the southward with wind a couple of points free and with all sails drawing, which was advantageous in the point of speed.

The north-east trades extend from about 35 degrees north to 10 degrees north, then we would run into the doldrums, which extend to about 10 degrees south latitude. This is the belt of calms, light winds, rains and thunder-storms and the incessant bracing of yards and watchful manœuvring are necessary in order to make any headway. Most ships aimed to cross the equator at about 25 degrees west longitude, sighting, if possible, a small island known as St. Paul's Rocks to verify their reckoning.

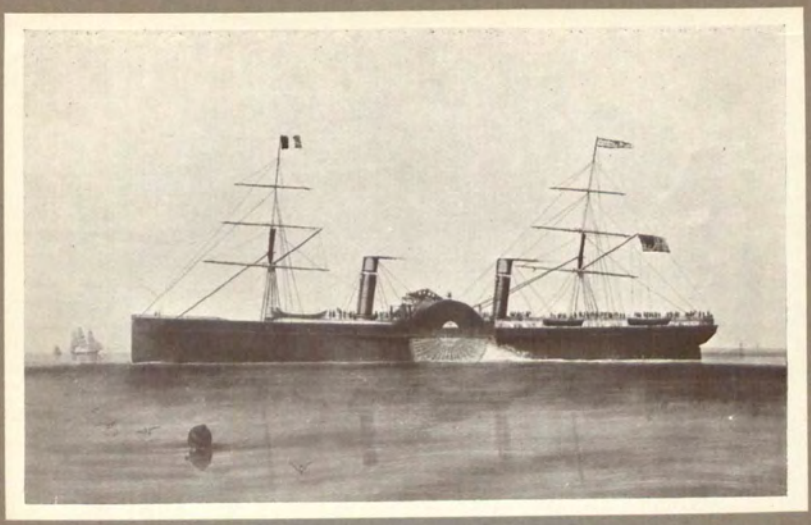
On our first day out all hands were kept busy on deck stowing away the gangways, hawsers, fenders, mooring chains and all the other gear that was used only in port

and which we would not require again until we reached San Francisco. Anchors were hoisted on board and lashed to the catheads. Cables were unshackled and run down into the lockers, and hawse-pipes were plugged to keep out the heavy seas.

When four bells struck (six o'clock in land time), all hands were mustered aft to choose watches. Two watches are used on shipboard, the starboard and the port. One-half of the sailors and apprentices were assigned to each, and the method of selecting the men is interesting. With the twenty men and four apprentices lined up on deck, the mate, having the first choice, picked out the man who, from the limited time of his observation, he considered the strongest and ablest sailor; this man stepped over to the port side of the ship. Then the second mate made his choice and that man stepped to the starboard side. After that, each selected alternately until the crew and apprentices were equally divided.

The captain, second mate and the boatswain were in charge of the starboard watch, and the mate with the third mate were in charge of the port watch.

This method of selection naturally caused great rivalry between the two watches, and this very rivalry was used by the officers as an incentive for the accomplishment of a greater amount of work than the men would otherwise have done. Usually this rivalry led to a general row, but the additional work done justified the means. When each watch was waiting on its respective side of the deck the captain advanced to the break of the quarter-deck and made the following address: "Now, my men, you have shipped on a good tight ship. You're to have watch and watch, good grub and good treatment as long as you behave yourselves. Answer promptly when you are spoken to and jump quickly when you receive an order. If you



S. Y. *Vanderbilt* afterwards converted into the Clipper Ship *Three Brothers*.

don't behave and don't jump quickly when ordered, and growl at your food, this ship will be a merry hell and I'll be the head devil. That's all. Now you can go forward to your proper forecastle for ten minutes to shift your dunnage, after which the starboard watch will take the deck while the port watch goes below."

From that time on each day was divided into watches of four hours on duty and four hours off. Each day the watches were changed by the use of two dog watches, from four to six and from six to eight each evening, in order that the watch which was on duty eight hours one night (that is, from eight to twelve p.m. and from four to eight a.m.) would, the next night, be on from twelve until four in the morning only. This early morning watch was always called the "Death Watch" and was the hardest to stand, for one had to be aroused from a heavy sleep just at the moment when tired nature demanded the greatest amount of physical rest.

On shipboard time is always spoken of as "bells." Beginning with twelve o'clock noon, the man at the wheel struck every half-hour the small bell that hung on the binnacle top, by the compass. At twelve-thirty he struck the bell once; at one o'clock, twice; increasing the number of strokes each half-hour by one until he reached eight bells, which denoted four o'clock and the end of the watch. Then the man who relieved him began in the same way and struck the bell from one until eight. Each time the small bell sounded the man on the look-out on the forecastle head repeated the stroke on a large bell that swung on a frame at the break of the forecastle deck.

And now, with the watches all arranged and the men settled in their respective forecastles, we began to adjust ourselves to the long, monotonous routine of daily work. The watch on duty swept the deck, coiled up all braces

and running rigging on the proper pins, hauled home all sheets and halliards so that every sail drew to the best advantage, and got everything in shape for the fast-approaching darkness. On shipboard the exact position of every rope had to be known so that a man could put his hand upon it as quickly in the darkness as in the daylight, and woe betide the poor sailor who was unfortunate enough to let go the wrong rope when obeying an order. An error of this kind might cause an accident that would imperil both the lives of his shipmates and the safety of the ship.

As four bells struck, the first dog watch ended, and the watch below, having finished their supper, took the deck. After the watch which had just come off duty had finished supper, they gathered in groups around the forecastle head or on the main hatch, if the weather was fine. Then, as the twilight faded and the dark curtain of night fell slowly over the sea and the stars twinkled one by one in the blue sky overhead, the men lighted their pipes, and while some sang songs of home, others spun tales of travel and adventure that put the story of "Baron Munchausen" to shame.

I noticed, as a rather peculiar trait among most of the sailors with whom I was a shipmate, that the songs most popular in the dog-watch gatherings were those known as "sob songs," melodies of mothers and sweethearts, and angels watching over them at sea. And next best, the sailors liked the grog and fighting songs; one class just the opposite from the other.

No lights were allowed on deck after dark under any conditions. Even the slightest glimmer would cause a shortening of the vision of the officers and the men on watch. All cabin windows and skylights were covered with heavy canvas and the man at the wheel watched his

compass through a small eyelet hole worked in the binnacle hood. If a sailor should strike a match in a moment of forgetfulness, he was very quickly reminded of this precaution by hearing the mate's voice ring out: "Douse that glim, you thick-headed blank son of a sea robber."

CHAPTER V

"Then up aloft that yard must go,
I say so and I hope so;
Up aloft midst ice and snow,
Oh, poor old man."

Deep Sea Chanty.

DAYBREAK on our second day out found everything running as smooth as a clock. During the day most of the crew were kept busy attaching chafing gear to the standing-rigging. This consisted of woven mats and soft strands of rope, and was put on where the yards and ropes came most in contact. A few of the men who were handy with the palm and needle were put to work repairing sails, which were spread out on the deck of the after house.

Every morning at four-thirty o'clock the cook and the steward were called, and at two bells, *i.e.* five o'clock, coffee was served. If the weather was fine, the men were allowed to drink it in the forecastle and were given ten minutes for a smoke; if the weather was squally, they had to drink their coffee on deck, standing by for an emergency. And oh, the joy that coffee brought after one had beaten into a howling gale all night under shortened sail—especially off Cape Horn, where the biting wind and the snow cut and lashed your face and your jaws were set by the cold—when suddenly the companion-way door opened and the steward passed out a pint mug of boiling coffee, with either a quarter section of a dried apple pie or half a dozen doughnuts. Oh boy, what joy! In a moment cold and wind were forgotten as, sheltered in the lee of the companion-way, one arm thrown across the spanker foot ropes to steady

you, you drank an ambrosia which even the gods of the storm might envy.

After coffee the decks were washed down from stem to stern, and all paint was wiped off with cotton swabs. This peculiar custom was carried out even during a howling gale when heavy seas were breaking over the ship's rail. While the crew was busy washing down, the mate (if it was his watch on deck) usually made his morning inspection of the ship. He went up each mast and out on every yard-arm, examining every rope, spar, iron band, bolt and sail, giving particular attention to the jack-stays, foot-ropes, beckets and life-lines of each yard. At times the lives of the entire crew depended upon the condition of these details.

The mate made note of any defects that he discovered and laid out the repair work for the next day with the assistance of the ship's carpenter, who had charge of the iron work and the spars, and of the other officers, who were responsible for the rigging and the sails.

About two weeks of unchangeable winds and fine weather were ahead of us, which gave us ample time to overhaul the rigging and get our heavy sails in good condition, for everything had to be made ready to withstand the heavy weather around Cape Horn.

For a number of days our distance from the equator had been shortened by a good, strong, eight-knot breeze. One morning, when we were not far from crossing the line, just as I had seated myself comfortably at my desk to write up the daily log, the third mate dashed through the door brandishing a revolver and shouting in an excited voice: "Chips has gone crazy and is parading the deck with an axe, threatening to kill everyone on board."

For some unknown reason Chips had taken a violent dislike to the third mate, and only a few minutes before

had slipped into the room where the third mate was lying on his bunk and, after carefully closing and locking the door, had announced in no very gentle tones that the time of the third mate had come and he was to be chopped into dog meat. The mate knew at once by the glare in Chips' eyes and by the blue, bloated condition of his distorted face that he was confronted by a raving maniac and that quick thinking would be necessary. Controlling his nerves, he appealed to what little manhood might yet be intact in Chips' crazy brain by saying to him : " As man to man, you're not playing square when I'm unarmed." Then he went on to say that he should be given a chance to defend himself by meeting Chips on the main hatch and fighting it out on the square.

The appeal was successful, for after a few moments' conversation Chips remarked : " You sneaking skunk, you don't deserve it, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get a big joiner's chisel that I have in the shop and we'll meet at the hatch and have it out."

He then unlocked the door and staggered forward towards his shop, while the third mate, taking a revolver from his chest, lost no time in reaching my room. I secured my gun and passed out through the after cabin, followed by the third mate, rousing the captain and the steward as we went.

With the captain in the lead, we reached the quarter-deck through the companion-way. Meantime, Chips had forgotten his intention of making sausage of the third mate, for he was parading up and down on top of the forward house, brandishing his axe and announcing at the top of his voice that he was now the boss of this damned packet and was going to run her just as he damned pleased, emphasizing each remark with a whack of his axe against the bottom of the long-boat, from which the pieces flew in every direction.

The deck watch had hastily sought the safety of the forecastle and locked the door behind them. Those fortunate enough to be working safely aloft were quickly joined by the second mate and the boatswain; while the cook had barricaded the galley doors, and through the thick glass of the window we could discern his scared face and rolling eyes.

The look of fear on the face of the man at the wheel as he shifted his gaze from his duty to Chips and then upward towards the safety of the mizzen rigging, would have been humorous if it had not been so pathetic.

Led by the captain, who had planned a little strategic move to capture our man, if possible, without any loss of life, we concealed our revolvers in our pockets, although prepared for quick action, and approached the forward house. Chips, discerning our move, rushed to the after end of the house with axe raised to meet us, shrieking in his wild rage the most horrible threats and curses and predicting the fate in store for us. His face was a purplish blue with drink and rage, and his wild rolling eyes showed the extent of his frenzy.

Keeping well out of reach of his axe, I passed forward and attempted to climb upon the forward end of the house while he was busy with the group at the other end. He sprang towards me with a howl of rage. As I tumbled quickly and ingloriously back to the deck, the second mate started to climb the after end. Then the third mate climbed the port side of the house while I went for the starboard side. Three points of attack were too many for Chips to defend and he staggered from side to side as his mind became more dazed. His anger increased as he failed to reach his supposed tormentors, and presently an attack of vertigo sent him down in an exhausted mass. Then he began to cry and beg for a drink. We hurried to him,

confiscated his axe and put him in irons. Presently he was safely locked in the little hospital room, where, worn out by his exertions and his fury, he dropped off into a drunken sleep.

Our attention was next attracted to the cook, whose peculiar actions, as he staggered through the galley door, indicated that Chips had had a companion whenever and wherever he had obtained his intoxicant. The captain, grabbing him by the throat with threats of throwing him overboard, soon wrung from him the confession of the escapade.

The cook had noticed that the stevedores, while loading the ship, placed a number of cases of a mixture known as Boker's Stomach Bitters on the second tier forward of the foremast in the between decks. These bitters were a stimulant that, when used in large proportions, were more powerful than whisky. A few days at sea had developed in the cook a strong longshoreman's thirst for something more exhilarating than coffee or tea, and every day when he went down to the forehold for his supplies of provision and fuel, the knowledge that just beyond lay the wherewithal to satisfy this thirst proved too much for him. So one day he crawled over the intervening cargo, broke open a case and secreted a bottle of bitters in his basket of wood.

The galley adjoined the carpenter's shop, and as Chips was a natural born rum-hound, he soon struck the trail and demanded to be let in on the game. Everything went along quietly enough until the day of the excitement, when Chips disposed of a quart at one sitting, and the effect was disastrous.

Both men were put in irons over-night to think over the seriousness of their offence. The next morning they were contrite and penitent. As all such acts of lawlessness had to be investigated and the record entered on the official

log, the men were brought in irons into the after cabin for trial. The captain acted as magistrate. A few moments only were necessary, after hearing the testimony of the officers and men, strengthened by the confession of the cook, to find them guilty of "broaching cargo on the high seas" and therefore endangering the safety of the ship. All testimony having been entered on the official log, it was the duty of the captain to pronounce sentence.

Had the captain elected to do so, he could have confined the men in irons for the balance of the voyage, but after listening to their tearful pleas for leniency, he suspended sentence and agreed that the punishment to be inflicted would depend entirely upon the behaviour of the two men during the rest of the trip. Considering the gravity of the offence, this was a very humane sentence, as well as a wise one, for it saved for us the services of two valuable men, and even with the full crew at work we were not any too well manned. They were released and returned to duty. During the rest of the voyage their conduct was above reproach.

CHAPTER VI

" How do you know she's a Yankee packet?
Blow, boys, blow,
She's fired a gun, I heard the racket,
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!"
Deep Sea Chanty.

Our second week in the trades carried us down well into the twenties, with the wind still blowing true.

The monotony of the daily routine of work was broken now and then by little incidents, sometimes humorous, pathetic or painful, as the case might be.

One morning when the starboard watch had the deck, a sailor known as Big Otto was hanging in a boatswain's chair from a gantline rove through a block under the main-top, painting the newly-scraped iron bands on the mainmast a new coat of bright red lead. He had just made his first fleet down from the top, and was making fast his gantline to the sling of his chair when the hitch slipped and Otto, paint-pot and chair, tumbled to the deck, some forty feet below, in a confused heap. The bright paint splashed in a shower over the varnished mast and the white pin-rails and the clean deck below. As Otto struck the deck with a thud, the second mate, who was standing by the forward end of the after house, jumped for him and was on top of the man before Otto's brain had really cleared. Grabbing Otto roughly by the collar, the second mate lifted him to his feet, and holding him with one hand at arm's length, shook his fist threateningly in Otto's face, at the same time calling Otto all the blankety-

blank and careless fools imaginable (and the second mate had an extensive vocabulary). Then, with a rough jerk and a kick of his boot, he pushed Otto towards the forecastle, shouting, as Otto limped away, "You dirty, careless duffer, what do you mean by making such a mess on this clean deck? Get forward and clean the paint off your dirty face. I'll give you five minutes for that and a smoke, and if you ain't back here by that time, cleaning up this mess, I'll put my boots into you so strong that you won't sit down again till we get to 'Frisco."

With a scared face, Otto disappeared into the forecastle, ruefully rubbing his bruised body. I paused for a moment in my smoke and, approaching the second mate, remarked: "Mr. Donovan, wasn't that rather rough treatment for a man who'd just fallen forty feet? He may have been injured."

"Whist, sir," he replied, "when you've followed the sea as many years as I have, you'll find that if you ever give any sympathy to a sailor, no matter what happens, he'll be sure to take advantage of you. You're right, sir, the poor man may have been hurt, and then, again, he mayn't, so I took no chances. If he was, he won't come out, and if he wasn't, he will. But if I had told him that he was and had encouraged him with a bit of sympathy, even though he wasn't, devil a stroke of work he'd ever do again for the rest of this voyage. Don't ever take chances with a sailor, sir; I knows them."

When the time allotted was up, Otto appeared through the forecastle door still rubbing his back and neck, but with a sly grin on his broad face and, without a word, went to work cleaning up the mess.

I learned a new lesson, and in the following years the second mate's logic was often verified.

Nearly all ships have a mascot. We had two: a cat

called "Ginger," after the colour of his fur; and a big, black Newfoundland dog, "Nigger."

Sailors, superstitious always, imagine that bad luck is sure to follow a ship if anything goes wrong with the mascots. One evening I was walking on the quarter-deck, and paused to watch Ginger chase a mouse that had suddenly appeared from the door of the companion-way and dashed for the mizzen channel with the cat close at its heels. Up and down the channel they ran, the mouse turning and twisting around and behind the channel bars, always just out of Ginger's reach. In a moment of wild excitement, Ginger suddenly sprang at his tormentor. He missed by a fraction of an inch, and the momentum of the spring shot his body clear of the ship and into the sea.

We were reeling off about eight knots at the time and I looked sadly over the side, expecting to see him struggling to regain the ship, but in the fast-gathering gloom I could not see him, and no farewell "meow" came to my ears to indicate where he had fallen. Word of his sad ending soon reached the forecastle, and many were the prophecies of coming disaster.

The next afternoon, an old grey-haired sailor, called "Scotty," who, owing to his advanced years and his skill with the palm and needle, had been assigned to sail-making, sat at work with his sail spread out on the top of the after house. The man at the wheel called to me with the remark: "Mr. Mate, I think I hear a cat meow, sir."

"Stop such talk as that and watch your steering, my son," I replied, "or you'll hear something worse than a cat meowing."

From where he was working, Scotty heard the remarks, and looking up, with a respectful tip of the cap to me, he broke in with: "If I may speak, Mr. Mate, I might say that such things do happen at times, sir. I have, myself,

heard the voices of shipmates several days after they've gone overboard, sir."

Scotty was of the class of sailor that is always ready to encourage the slightest excuse for any superstition, and I knew the remarks he had overheard had such possibilities of expansion that it would be difficult for him to keep his mind on his work until he could rejoin his watchmates at the end of the watch.

As eight bells struck and the man at the wheel was relieved, I stopped at the break of the quarter-deck to make a jocular remark to the second mate about the message from the departed cat, and Scotty's adherence to its veracity, when the new man at the wheel shouted to the second mate: "I hear a cat meowing, sir."

This was a little too much, and got on my nerves. Passing quickly to the man's side, I strained my ears, listening carefully for any sound, and I was just about to berate the man for his acoustic imaginativeness, when the faintest "meow" I ever heard floated towards me. Rushing to the rail, I glanced down towards the rudder and there, as the ship's stern rose and fell, exposing to view the auxiliary helm attached to the rudder, was Ginger himself, clinging to the bare iron rod. He had been there twenty-four hours, and every time the stern fell he was submerged in two feet of water.

Calling to the man closest to us on the deck, we swung him over the rail in a bowline and lowered him to reach Ginger. The cat, desperate, buried his claws in Charley's face and neck, causing the man to howl for assistance. We hauled him and the cat over the rail, and with a little patience soon had extricated Charley from his torturer.

The moment poor Ginger felt the firm deck beneath his feet again, he pushed feebly forward in a straight line, only to bring up with a sudden bang against the cabin

door, where he fell over stiff and exhausted; then we discovered he was blind. The steward picked him up tenderly and carried him down into the cabin, where he was well rubbed with a warm towel and wrapped in a blanket. Presently he showed signs of life, and after feeding him a few teaspoonfuls of warm condensed milk he closed his eyes, to which sight had returned, and dropped off to sleep. In the morning he appeared once more on deck, and although he moved rather slowly and was still a bit stiff, everything seemed to indicate that he would soon fully recover.

In latitude twenty-five degrees north and longitude forty degrees west we spoke our first vessel since leaving New York. She proved to be the American barque *Grey Eagle*, twenty-four days out from Baltimore, bound for Rio de Janeiro. We were now out twenty-six days, and considering that she had left port two days later and her port of departure was more southerly than ours, she had a few days' gain on us in the run down.

It is always very humiliating to a captain's pride to admit that a vessel was ever built which could foot faster than the one upon whose quarter-deck his own two feet are planted at that particular moment, so our captain did not waste much time in signalling, merely running up flags indicating ship, name, where from, where bound, and (rather reluctantly) stating we were twenty-six days out. All well! Therefore we were surprised when she hauled up a bit closer and ran down on us so as to be nearly within hailing distance.

Through our glasses we watched while a sailor climbed out over her weather quarter and, with a piece of chalk, printed in big white letters on her black side the words: "Hayes, Ohio."

With a grunt of disgust, the Old Man turned from the

rail and after carefully laying his glasses on the end of the after house remarked: "Did you ever see such a piece of nerve, running way out of his course to print his name and his state on the ship's counter for our information? He must be a Lake sailor and this is his first trip on the salt water and he wants us to know it. I don't give a damn what his name is nor where he comes from. Haul down the ensign and put the signal flags in the locker, then turn her off about half a point more and see if we can't out-foot the conceited ass."

In writing my official log for that day I made the following entry: "At 10.30 a.m. this date, latitude 25° N., longitude 40° W., spoke American barque *Grey Eagle*, Captain Hayes of Ohio, 24 days out from Baltimore, bound for Rio Janeiro. All well."

Some four months later when we arrived at San Francisco, we found the country in the midst of a hot presidential campaign, and then it dawned on our benighted minds that the information the *Grey Eagle* had run out of her course to give us and we had received with such contempt, was that Hayes of Ohio was the Republican candidate for the presidential nomination. The captain had noted that we sailed from New York before the nomination was made.

You will see, from this incident, to what extent the average seafaring man was informed or interested in his country's political welfare.

CHAPTER VII

"The captain swears and the mate swears too,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
The captain swears and the mate swears too,
It's time for us all to leave her."

Deep Sea Chanty.

THE slight veering of the trade winds each day warned us that we were approaching their most southerly limit, and we began to prepare for our hot, disagreeable and irritating thrash through the doldrums, as we were now in about nine degrees north latitude, and longitude thirty degrees west. This was one of the most trying periods of the voyage.

Our oldest suit of sails was bent and everything was ready to stand the slamming and the slatting that was in store for the ship during the next few weeks. At times not a ripple stirred the water under the hot, tropical sun, and we lay for hours, truly a "painted ship upon a painted ocean." Then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, black clouds would sweep towards us from the distant horizon, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning which darted from the dark centre of the cloud and circled the mottled yellow edges of the advancing squall like a great, golden chain. This was a warning that we must take in our light sails and stand by for trouble. Then, perhaps, just as we were prepared to meet the threatened danger, the storm would veer off around the stern or across the bow and once more we would be becalmed with all sails flapping idly in the breathless air. Then the sheets were again hauled home and

yards were mastheaded and braced around to meet the current of air approaching from the opposite quarter, and indicated to us by a faint ripple on the sea.

During the next few weeks our first work night and day was to brace our yards and take advantage of the slightest wind that would waft us a few feet towards the south.

It was in this zone that at times, when we were becalmed, we had opportunities for deep-sea bathing. One man always stood on the look-out to warn bathers of sharks.

Well do I remember my first experience in deep-sea bathing, which happened several years before this voyage, when I was still third mate and possessed great confidence in my swimming abilities. I dived nonchalantly, head first, into the sea from the main channels and came to the surface some fifteen feet from the side of the ship. It appeared as though the ship was at least five miles away from me and had diminished in size to that of a toy ship—as if in some mysterious manner she had sailed away and left me bobbing all alone in the middle of the ocean.

With a fluttering heart I struck out boldly for the ship, to reach which it really took only a few strokes. I grasped the "Jacob's ladder," which hung down her side, and quickly got on deck. The feeling of relief and safety caused such a reaction to my nerves that I became weak and limp and had to sit on a spare spar for a moment. Then I felt humiliated at having lost my nerve and mustered enough courage to plunge in again. This time, to my great relief, I found I had recovered my sense of proportion so that the ship looked quite natural.

Upon mentioning this incident to some "old-timers," I learned that I had suffered an attack of what is known as "sea fright," which is a common experience for beginners, and sometimes causes the death of good swimmers who have accidentally fallen overboard.

Another week of thrashing, rolling and hauling and we had worked our way slowly across the equator to about ten degrees south. It was here that one of old Scotty's exasperating prognostications was fulfilled.

Eight bells had just struck and the watch had changed; darkness was closing in upon us. We had picked up a fine eight-knot leading wind and, with all sails set, were bowling along over the smooth sea under a beautiful starlit sky on a course that would carry us well to the eastward of Cape St. Roque. I was walking slowly back and forth on the weather side of the quarter-deck, closely scanning the swelling sails in order that we might take every advantage of this favourable windfall, when I heard a piercing scream followed by the cry: "Man overboard."

With a shout to the helmsman to luff her sharp up I grabbed the life-buoy, that hung beside the companion-way, and springing to the rail, cast it with all my strength out into the gathering darkness in the direction from where the cry came for help. The unusual uproar brought the captain dashing up the companion-way, calling for all hands and shouting as he came: "Let go your foresheet, clew up the mainsail and back the main-yards."

In less than two minutes we were hove to, and as the second mate with a boat's crew were quickly being lowered over the side, the captain shouted instructions as to which course the second mate should take and pushed into his hand a lighted torch to guide him in the rescue work.

For two long hours we stood on the quarter-deck watching this little flame of light that seemed, through the darkness, no larger than the light of a candle or a firefly in the summer night. Every few minutes, wafted to our listening ears across the silent water, would come the voices of the men as they called the name of their shipmate. Another two hours we stood there, peering off into the

gloom with anxious hearts, waiting for the signal that we had agreed upon when the rescuers should have met with success. But the signal never came, and it was now approaching midnight.

The captain, walking back and forth on the quarter-deck, paused once more to peer through his glasses out into the gloom towards the little speck of light bobbing up and down in the distance, then looked at the compass and up at the fluttering sails hanging idly in the wind. Turning abruptly, he ordered me to recall the boat.

The signals were set and the answer received, and in another half-hour's time the lifeboat was at our side. The men reported that not even a trace of the life-buoy was to be found. The davit falls were quickly manned and the boat hoisted in and securely fastened to her bed. The order was given to fill away the main-yard. This could mean but one thing—the abandonment of the search. Around me low murmurs of surprise and indignation rose from the crew at this sudden decision and, personally, I thought we should have waited at least until daybreak or until we found the life-buoy, which would have indicated that everything was hopeless.

The Old Man, who, after giving me orders to recall the rescuers, had disappeared down the companion-way, now came rushing to the break of the poop shouting: "Why in hell don't you fill away that yard, sir? Didn't you hear me?"

"I did, sir," I replied, "but I was about to suggest that we hold off until daybreak, sir, and pick up the life-buoy. Then we would feel certain that there was no further chance of the poor fellow being afloat."

With a roar like a maddened bull, he jumped on to the top of the after house and leaned over the forward rail, waving his arms like two flails and shaking his clenched

fists at me, shouting: "You blankety, blank young blackguard, you; who in hell is running this ship, sir, you or I? Things have come to a damn fine pass when a fresh young upstart like you attempts to dictate to me—a man who has walked his own quarter-deck with a cro'-jack yard swinging over his head for forty years—how I shall run my ship."

I repeated his order to fill away the yards and walked towards the steps leading to the quarter-deck. As I started to ascend, the burly form of the Old Man dashed towards me out of the darkness. His voice rising in anger above the noise of the creaking yards and the flapping sails, with the most frightful oaths, he once more berated me for questioning his authority. Keeping a careful distance from his gorilla arms, I listened silently to his tirade of abuse until he used that one particular word that brings an answer or a blow from the slightest spark of manhood. I retreated a few paces and hurled back in his direction a few choice specimens of blasphemy, which I had collected myself. I never doubted their success, for he went into such a paroxysm of rage that I feared an attack of vertigo. Still cursing and damning, he walked towards the cabin door, pausing long enough to tell me that if he ever saw me on deck again he would break every bone in my dirty, insolent body.

During my next watch I was careful to keep my weather eye on the after companion-way door, and the slightest noise from the direction of his room caused me to beat a hasty retreat to the main deck.

I was greatly perturbed when I heard the sound of the breakfast bell at the end of my watch, for it meant that either I must go without my breakfast or I must face the Old Man across the top of a three-foot table, and he had a good reach. I casually inquired of the steward, as he

brought the grub from the galley, regarding the Old Man's disposition and was told that it was "grouchy, as usual."

I knew we had to meet some time, so why not now? Assuming an air of self-confidence that was entirely contrary to my actual feelings, I boldly opened the door and greeted him with a cheery "Good-morning," as was my usual custom. He did not respond, but sat scowling at the table, while I, with one eye sharply on the look-out for the slightest sign of aggression on his part, and the other on the open exit through the cabin door, quietly slipped into my seat.

Presently he fixed me with his steely eyes and remarked with sarcasm: "Well, you damn young fool, ain't you ashamed of yourself to have used the vile, filthy language you did to me last night, and I the master of this ship? I have a good mind to disrate you and send you forward where such language belongs. I am surprised at you, sir, and can't understand where you ever learned such vile epithets. For a young man and an officer such language is a disgrace to the profession."

I was now assured that the Old Man was weakening and that I was perfectly safe physically. I listened silently, watching the tense expression gradually relax as he relieved his mind of all the anger and hate and the horrible fates that would befall me if I ever again questioned his orders. He ended by admonishing me that it was no credit to an officer of a ship to disgrace himself by using such language; he was sure I had never learned it from him. The humorous part of it all was that he really meant it. I truthfully, but sadly, admit that the obnoxious habit of blasphemy was developed to its superlative degree on board these deep-water ships.

I left the breakfast-table fully restored to grace, but still with the feeling that perhaps somewhere out on the

ocean there might be floating a young man who, clinging to the big white life-buoy, in his dying agonies called down the curses of evil on the ship and the men aboard for leaving him to his terrible fate just because the call for speed and quick financial returns could not spare even an extra few hours to save a human life.

The man's name was John Driscoll. He was a very bright young chap, about twenty-two years old; a graduate of the old schoolship *St. Mary*. He had given every promise of becoming in time a very competent officer and a credit to the service. With a mate he had been ordered to refill the beef cask that was lashed to the rail just outside of the galley door. It was the custom that while one man stood on deck and hoisted the canvas bucket, filled with water, up to the rail by means of a rope rove through a block lashed to a short spar that projected over the ship's side, the other stood on the rail, and, by holding the rope, tipped the bucket until it filled as it dragged on the water; then when it was hoisted to the rail he dumped its contents into the barrel below. This time, young Driscoll, getting a bit careless in his hurry, tipped the bucket over the rail with his hands instead of through the block and he was jerked quickly over the side to his death.

A death on shipboard cast an intense gloom over the entire crew for days, as our little world was so small; besides, there were really so few to do the many necessary things each day that when one man dropped out of it, the vacant place was large and hard to fill.

A full account of the accident was recorded in the official log, including the amount of money received from the auction sale of his personal effects, which is required by law.

Our loss soon faded into a memory as we buckled down again to the daily grind of making every breath of wind carry us faster and faster towards our goal.

CHAPTER VIII

"Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away yon rolling river;
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri."

Deep Sea Chanty.

At last we were through with the doldrums and each day we were looking forward to picking up our south-east trades. The two weeks of hot and tiring struggle under the tropical sun, together with the loss of Driscoll, left us in a rather tired, cross and irritable state of mind that magnified our petty troubles to a gigantic size, and the slightest mistake on the part of the crew called forth from the mates maledictions that were not in keeping with the seriousness of the offence.

Absence of the usual amount of rain, upon which we depended to replenish our water supply, was quite noticeable, and with the greatest care all that we were able to do was to fill the starboard tank, and even with this supply we were some fifteen hundred gallons short. However, good prospects ahead indicated replenishing the shortage before reaching the Cape. It was just such weather and such conditions as we were leaving behind that developed all the disagreeable, small and unmanly traits that usually lay dormant under normal weather conditions. The narrow confines of the ship's deck, the forced day's work under the burning tropical sun, the nerve strain and the lassitude brought on by the heat, made one yearn for rest and a breath of cool, fresh air.

Under these conditions we developed our ship's bully. "Ship's bullies" were nothing new, and it was an exception if one failed to appear during a voyage. He was the product of a selfishness of spirit that exalted him in his own opinion to a point where he considered himself to be the embodiment of a superior amount and quality of brains and physique. Sooner or later this thought got him into trouble.

Our particular bully, Foley by name, was a big, strong, loud-mouthed Irishman, who hailed from Philadelphia. Just at the close of one hot disagreeable day, at the beginning of the second dog watch, a tall, lean, cadaverous Yankee sailor, called Louie, approached the quarter-deck and reported to me that the pair of freshly decorated black eyes which he was wearing had been presented to him by Foley, of the starboard watch, because he had moved too slowly when ordered to fill Foley's pipe.

Now, Louie was just an ordinary sailor and helmsman, not particularly bright, but good-natured and very trustworthy. He had drifted from his home up the Mississippi Valley down the river to New Orleans, and, while working along the city water-front, had been picked up one night by a boarding-house runner and shipped as an able seaman on board a "Cotton Packet" bound for Liverpool, and from there to New York. His only experience as a sailor prior to that trip had been to push cotton scows around the river inlets at home, so, naturally, he was not an old hand at the game, and the other men were making life rather uncomfortable for him. He was compelled to do the menial tasks, not only in his own turn, but in Foley's turn also. Now he had reached the climax by moving too slowly when told to fill the bully's pipe, and the self-appointed "master" had taken drastic measures to uphold his usurped authority, thereby en-

croaching upon one of the most cherished prerogatives of a ship's officer.

I felt sorry for this big, simple, good-natured sailor. He then stated that when he informed the bully that he was going aft to report him to the mate, Foley told him to go and be damned; that he was running the starboard watch and would do as he damned pleased.

This last statement made me think it was time to take a hand, so I dismissed Louie and sought the second mate. Finding him in his room, I started things going by remarking: "Mr. Donovan, one of your men was just aft to complain that Foley had beat him up. Who's running your watch now, you or Foley?"

"I'll show you damn quick, sir, who's running my watch," answered the second mate as he sprinted for the forecastle door.

"Come out on deck here, you big black-muzzled loafer," he shouted through the forecastle door.

As Foley appeared in the doorway, the second mate grabbed him by the neck and dragged him aft to the main hatch. "Now peel," he commanded, "and if you're able to lick me you can go aft to the Old Man and tell him I sent you to take my job and I'll go forward where I belong. It's either myself that's going to run this watch or you."

All the fight was out of Foley in a minute. With the most solemn protestation that he had never claimed to be the boss, and with the jeers of his shipmates ringing in his ears, he started to slink forward when Donovan, with a parting kick, helped him on his way, and remarked in his soft rich Irish brogue: "Now get, and if I ever hear of you putting your dirty hands on that man or any other man in the watch between here and 'Frisco, I'll give you such a beating that will swell your head so you can't get your shirt off."

Within a few days our south-east trades came in strong and we began at once to get things ready for our thrash around the Horn. All the standing rigging was carefully overhauled and new braces set up and rove off; heavy sails were carefully looked over, patched, strengthened, and made ready for bending when we should lose our trades, for we would then be fast approaching the region known as the "Roaring Forties," where we would have to bend our heavy sails.

It was a rather peculiar freak of nature that we experienced at this point—this sudden passing from the hot, blistering sun and temperate winds of the tropics into the sharp, nippy air of the Cape regions. You turn in one watch, and it is warm and sultry; and when you turn out in the next watch, you find the air has an invigorating, frosty, snappy feel, giving you new life and pep and making every man walk on his toes. Then you can safely guarantee one fight in each hour for the next twenty-four hours.

We began to fall in with an occasional heavy wind, at times so strong that we had to douse our royals and top-gallant sails. We also had to bend our heavy sails, as we were nearly off the stormy mouth of the River Plate, out of which come at times some of the heaviest gales we ever have to weather.

A long time had passed since we had had the pleasure of a fresh mess, and as the weather with its cold and frosty nip denoted the approach of winter, we decided to kill a pig. As usual, every man Jack aboard, including the cook, and encouraged by Scotty, began to point out the awful risk we were taking and the dire results which were sure to follow. But as we were bound to encounter a storm sooner or later, what might have been gained by the postponement of this terrible slaughter to satisfy sailor superstition was more than offset by the joy and anticipa-

tion aroused within us as we viewed the slick carcass hanging on the forestay.

One morning, fully a week later, the falling barometer warned us that what had been prophesied daily might now be fulfilled. The wind began to strengthen hour by hour, and the dark grey clouds, driven by the rising wind, moved faster across the few clear patches of blue sky showing overhead. The sea-gulls began to disappear shoreward one by one, leaving behind them, around our stern, the noisy, screeching Cape pigeons. One lone, stately albatross, driven from his usual resting-place on the great surface of the ocean by the fast-roughening sea, soared quietly overhead, breasting into the strengthening wind with hardly a motion of his long, graceful wings.

We had shortened down to topsails, and towards night put extra lashings on our boats and spare spars around the deck, shipped the weather-boards around our cabin skylights, and put everything in shape for the now fast-approaching storm. By midnight the wind had increased to a strong gale and we were snugly hove to under close-reefed topsails, shipping but few seas.

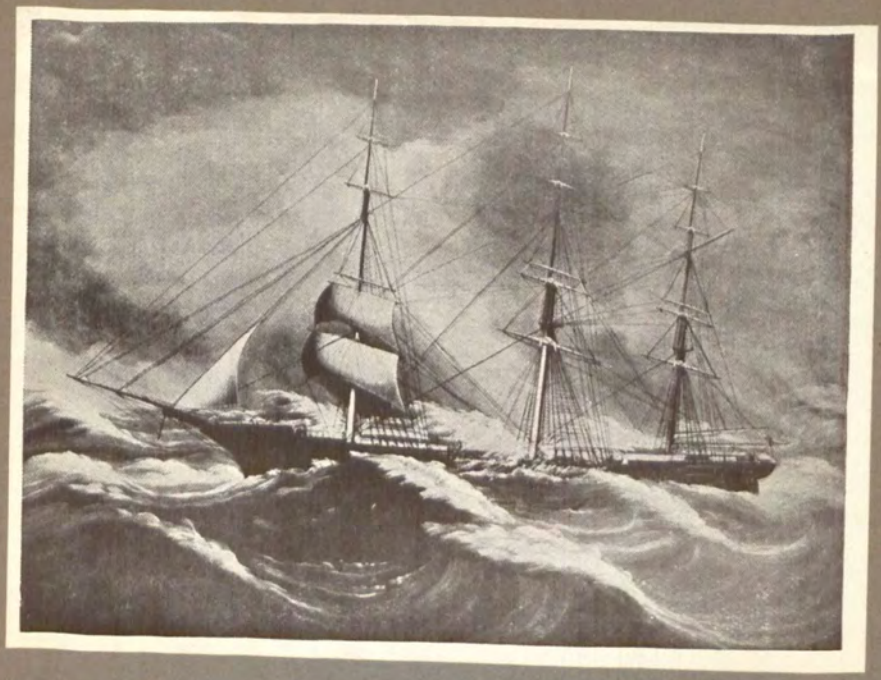
The wind increased each hour during the night, and daylight found us stripped down to fore and main lower topsails and reefed foresail, with heavy seas breaking over our weather rail. Each wave was larger than its predecessor and caused no little worry as to the outcome if the wind increased. By noon the wind was a hurricane and the crests of the waves played havoc with the planking on the bulwarks, as bit by bit it was torn from the stanchions and washed away. Towards night, thinking we might make better weather on the other tack, all hands were called to wear ship.

Seeking what little protection our battered bulwarks afforded us from being washed into the sea, life-lines were

stretched fore and aft along the deck, over which the waves were now constantly breaking. Then all hands manned the braces, most of the time working in water up to their waists. The captain, watching his chance between the heavy seas, slowly wore around, little by little, on to the port tack. All our labour was in vain. Hardly had we headed up when a heavy sea came crashing in over the port bow, smashing in the side of the long-boat which had been lashed on the forward house, and carrying away the galley smoke-stack. The water rushed down through the pipe-hole, putting out the fire and flooding the galley. Then another heavy sea tore the shore gangway from its lashing alongside the long-boat, and gathering momentum on its way aft, ripped the water casks from their beds and launched the gangway and casks in a broken mass with great force against the starboard bulkhead of the quarter-deck; smashed in the door and flooded the lazarette, playing sad havoc with our small stores, and then seeped through to the after cabin floor.

Adding to our discomfort, darkness enclosed us, and as sea after sea continued to pound and batter our bow, causing the ship to tremble and strain from stem to stern, and threatening to dash in the side of the forward house, the captain decided to run before the storm. After clewing up the foresail and taking in the mizzen topsail, all hands, clinging to the life-lines, once more manned the braces. We then headed our ship slowly around before the wind and were soon racing along like a scared dog, with the seas, in great surges, rolling in from side to side, meeting in the centre of the deck and throwing crested sprays of green spume high into the air, only to be caught up by the shrieking wind and driven in a smother of white foam over the entire length of the ship.

Standing on the top of the after house and looking for-



Running before a Gale.

ward into the darkness, all that one could see were three tall black masts emerging out of a sea of white foam, creaking, groaning and rocking from side to side, and illumined against the black sky by the white phosphorescent glow from the white-capped seas breaking along the side of the ship.

We now took in our fore lower topsail, and with square yards, fore staysail and main spencer flapping in the wind, we settled down for the night. The starboard watch went below to change their wet clothes and to get as much rest as was possible, while the watch on deck clambered up on to the main fife rail, to avail themselves of what little security was there from the angry seas washing across the deck below. The heavy waves began to batter and pound under our stern, causing the ship to tremble and quake from the heavy impacts as they broke under the counter, necessitating the placing of relief tackles and the lashing of the two helmsmen to the iron wheel rod.

Just as we were making better weather of it and the captain had gone below to look at the barometer, the starboard sheet of our main topsail gave way with a bang like a clap of thunder, and the clew, with about two feet of the iron chain sheet attached, whipped and snapped in the howling gale. This caused sparks of fire to fly in the darkness as the piece of chain sheet, swishing and rattling through the air, came in contact with the iron bands on the yardarms. Before we could haul up our clew-lines the loose clew iron and sheet had, in their thrashing, torn and ripped the canvas from head to foot.

Once again it was all hands aloft to smother and stow the damaged sail. The starboard side was tightly furled and lashed to the yardarm, and now, with only a goose-winged topsail, we continued to scud before the driving storm. The loss of even this small half of a sail retarded

our speed not a little, the result of which was that every now and then a heavy wave would come crashing in with great force over the stern. Its white-crested top of solid green water, driven by the tremendous force behind, would go sweeping across the top of the after house and fall with a heavy thud down on to the deck below, and the men lashed to the wheel would sputter and spit as their heads emerged from the receding white foam, and thank their lucky stars that they were still alive.

Wet, cold and worried I was walking the top of the after house, eagerly looking forward to the ending of the watch, which was near at hand, so that I could go below to get on some dry clothes, empty the cold water out of my boots and, perhaps, snatch a few moments' rest. Just then the captain appeared at the companion-way door and asked me to take Nigger, the ship's dog, up on the house for a few moments, as the dog, having been cooped up so long in the cabin, was restless and made it impossible for the captain to get any sleep, of which he was much in need. Nig was beside me in a moment with his fore-paws clasped around my legs as I stood with one arm thrown over the spanker boom. I reached down and put my other arm around his neck and took firm hold of his heavy leather collar. When I stroked his black curly head he would lick my cold hand with his warm tongue, and the affection which shone out of his eyes through the darkness comforted me.

Our companionship was short-lived, for ten minutes later, as I peered astern into the murky darkness, I saw the high white crest of a particularly heavy sea approaching us rapidly, and I had no sooner shouted a quick warning to the men at the wheel and to those down on deck than, with a roar, it was upon us.

Poor Nig already seemed to have sensed a foreboding

of danger, for, cuddling closer to me, with both eyes fixed on the approaching wave, his whimpering seemed to take on the tone of a human voice pleading for protection. Pressing my left arm tighter around the boom, I encircled his body with my right arm just as the crashing waters pressed down on us. Down, down, down we went.

The pressure between my arm on the boom and the other around poor Nig increased each second, threatening to pull my arms out of their sockets. I felt my arm slipping from the boom and knew my strength was exhausted; I had reached the limit. It meant either two overboard or one, so, releasing my hold on the dog, I quickly locked both hands around the boom and held on for dear life. It seemed only the next breath that the pressure of the water relaxed and my head emerged like a shot out from the foaming sea that had engulfed us. The ship, shivering and trembling from the impact, once more began to assume an upright position, shaking the last of the waves from her deck like a poor wet dog—while across the foaming sea from out of the inky darkness, above the shrieking of the wind and the creaking of the spars, there seemed to come faintly to my ears the plaintive, pleading bark of poor Nig.

"Farewell, good old pal, no more will you call me in the morning watch by placing your paws on the edge of my bunk and greeting me with your joyful bark! No more joyful romps and games of tag around the quarter-deck and on the after house; no more pats of approval upon your curly black head as you fetch and carry at the word of command! I shall miss you greatly, old pal!"

I turned from staring off into the darkness with the tears still streaming from my eyes, to answer the captain's anxious hail from the companion-way as to whether anyone was hurt.

"Poor Nig was washed overboard, sir," I answered in a broken voice, turning to hide my tears.

"That's too damned bad, sir," came the answer in guttural tones from under the rim of his south-wester which was pulled closely down over his head. As he bent over the binnacle to look at the compass, the tiny shaft of light escaping through the hood disclosed to me a rough, tanned and weather-beaten face suffused in tears.

Daylight found us still running before the wind with seas mountains high sweeping the decks fore and aft, while overhead was nothing but lowering, grey, fast-scudding clouds, from which came cold, cutting rain and spume that cut our faces like a knife. The glass, which had remained stationary during the morning, rose two-tenths in the afternoon watch and the close surrounding grey horizon seemed to expand and the clouds to lift higher and grow lighter.

One thing seemed certain, the storm had passed its zenith and the still-rising glass confirmed it. By midnight the wind began to abate, but the sea still ran high. This condition called for an increased spread of canvas to keep us clear of the heavy following sea. All hands were called out and the fore lower topsail sheeted home once more and a reefed foresail set.

We were now making about eight knots, but in the wrong direction, so the captain decided to make another attempt to heave to and try to hold what we had. We set a new main topsail, repaired the broken sheet and, leading the fall to the capstan, heaved them home. With seas still breaking across the deck, we started to haul up into the wind. It was slow work, as at times it was impossible for the men to keep on their feet, and it was fully two hours before we were able to get around and add a mizzen topsail and reefed spanker to our spread of canvas, which

seemed to hold us up better to the wind and greatly lessened our leeway.

Daylight broke cold and raw, but with a noticeable change for the better both in wind and sea, and a slowly rising glass indicated that the peak of the storm had passed. The grey clouds and scud began to lighten and the crest of the seas fell. The faint rays of the rising sun, buried in the dark grey clouds as they began to strengthen, tinged the edges with a faint yellow glow that soon changed to a feathery white, and occasionally small patches of blue sky could be seen through a rift in the fast-disappearing storm clouds.

It was now "sheet home the courses, shake out the reefs in the topsails," and shortly, with all topgallant sails set, we once more sped along to the southward after our disagreeable experience with a River Plate pampero.

CHAPTER IX

" Old Storm and blow is dead and gone,
Hi, yah, yah, mister storm along;
Old Storm and blow is dead and gone,
To my way, ho, storm and blow."

Deep Sea Chanty.

HAVING paid a heavy penalty for our folly in killing the pig (just as Scotty prophesied), all hands were busy repairing the damages and getting things in order to meet the heavy weather which was bound to come as soon as we stuck our nose around Staten Land and headed to the westward. As we approached the Cape, holding well to the northward, we were always on the look-out for a slant of westerly wind, so that, if possible, we might run through Le Maire Straits, which is a small opening running south-westerly between Tierra Del Fuego and Staten Land. If successful in making this course, we would save two days in time. (In the twelve voyages the writer made around the Horn, only once, while on the *St. Nicholas*, were we able to run through Le Maire Straits.)

The nautical term " rounding the Horn " means passing from fifty degrees south in the Atlantic to fifty degrees in the Pacific.

On our fifty-sixth day out we sighted the snow-capped peak of Staten Land, which was the first land sighted since the highlands of Navesink faded from view. The weather for the past week had been fine with a fairly steady, wholesail, westerly breeze, but not sufficiently to the northward to enable us to enter the strait, so we ran off a bit to the southeast to clear the island. The next two or three weeks was

to be the period of " daily soaking of corns." (This expression was used generally in a spirit of pride, denoting that the speaker had proved himself to be a real deep-water sailor and not for a moment to be classed with an ordinary coaster.)

It was now time to clean out our sail locker and rig up our " bogey room " therein. The sails were carefully stored away in the fore-peak between decks, and in the centre of the floor of the sail locker a little iron stove was carefully fastened in a pit floored with zinc and filled in with ashes, as a protection against fire. Clothes lines were strung from side to side and cleats were nailed on the floor to keep the sea-boots from coming in contact with the stove when we pitched and rolled in heavy weather.

This " bogey room " was in charge of the deck officer, and was opened only a few minutes at a time before each change of watch. Each man was given five minutes to put his wet clothes in and take his dry ones out.

The galley stove was the only heating apparatus allowed on the ship for the crew, as a warm room would have soon played havoc with their general health and all would have been in the hospital with colds and influenza. As substantiating the benefits arising from this rather drastic but truly healthful custom, I would say that I never came in contact with a case of cold or influenza on all my voyages through this wet and stormy region.

With our nose well around Staten Land, in latitude about fifty-five degrees south, we hauled sharp up to the westward and headed into the long series of westerly gales that usually prevail in this region.

The end of our first week found us off Cape York Minster, which was well over towards the most southerly point of the Horn. We had had a week of fairly good weather with strong whole topsail breezes most of the time,

and held well to the southward with only one really heavy gale. We were making good headway to the westward, tacking only about every twelve hours, and were heading inshore to pick up, if possible, the snow- and ice-clad peak of the Cape to verify our reckoning.

In the afternoon watch the grey overhanging clouds seemed to break away piece by piece. Here and there between the rifts could be seen splashes of dark blue sky tinged around the borders with a faint golden glow from the fast-setting sun, which was partly hidden from view in the heavier clouds bordering the horizon. At about six bells (or three o'clock in the afternoon) we sighted the Cape, took our bearings, and as the wind began to fall, we set fore and main topgallant-sails, hauled off to the southward, and settled down for a nice long run.

The captain had gone below to chart his bearings and I was pacing the deck on the weather side of the poop, when my attention was attracted to a small drab splotch, about as big as a pocket-handkerchief, on the horizon, coming into view well inshore on our weather quarter. Taking the glasses from the companion-way shelf, I mounted to the top of the mizzen rigging, and when I discovered that the object in question was the main royal and topgallant-sails of a barque headed to the westward, the same as ourselves, I returned to the deck and shouted down the companion-way to the Old Man and told him of my discovery.

In a few moments he joined me, armed with a long-distance telescope, and resting it on the rail, focussed the approaching object. After carefully scrutinizing it, he looked up and remarked in a quizzical way: "A barque! She's in ballast too, and carrying royals, the damned fool!" With a look of disgust he turned and went below again.

The barque could certainly foot it, for in a short time she was hull up and fast drawing near. The Old Man

appeared again, and after scanning her closely through the glasses remarked: "Looks like a Chilian collier bound home from Montevideo, as the foot of her mainsail is all black from coal-dust."

From the tone of his remarks it was quite evident to me that the captain felt a bit peeved because a dirty collier in ballast and carrying royals was out-footing us, while we were only swinging topgallant-sails. Once more he went below, while all hands by this time were watching the barque coming up, hand over hand, swaying back and forth in the strong breeze with a spray of white foam breaking from her cutwater and falling back gracefully along her sides.

In a few moments I heard the Old Man's voice shouting up the companion-way: "Set the ensign, sir, and have one of the boys come aft and stand by to signal." Our ensign, sent up in stops to the peak of the monkey gaff, was soon snapping sharply in the strong breeze.

We looked rather expectantly towards the barque to see what flag she would hoist which would denote her nationality, and were very much disappointed when she failed to reply.

The Old Man appearing, ordered our ship's signals run up under an answering pennant: still no reply from the barque. She stood majestically on her course and did not show the least sign of recognition. This was too much for the captain. It was bad enough to have her outpoint us and outsail us without insulting us by refusing to answer our signals. With a grunt of disgust, he turned from the rail and growled in an angry voice as he went below: "The dirty low collier; she's too damned mean to buy a set of signals and too ignorant to hoist her flag. To hell with her!"

The collier was inshore, well to the windward; her

black hull silhouetted against the white ice-clad mountain. Through our glasses we could distinguish the form of the man at the wheel, an officer on the quarter-deck and a man on look-out on the forecastle head.

The Old Man's head suddenly shot out of the cabin door, shouting : " Call all hands to shorten sail; the glass is falling like hell."

Immediately we clewed up topgallant-sails, took in outer jib and hauled down main-topmast staysails. As the men started aloft to furl them the captain shouted : " Never mind furling them now, stand by the topsail halliards."

The captain and I stood by the weather rail and intently watched the strange ship and wondered why she, too, had not begun to shorten her sails.

" Well, I must say I admire his damned nerve," growled the captain, as he went below again to look at his glass. Soon reappearing, he rejoined me at the rail and gazed long and earnestly shoreward through his glasses. Suddenly he grabbed me by the shoulder, shouting : " White squall, clew up the mainsail. Let go your topsail halliards and stand by ! "

Following the direction of his pointed finger, I looked inshore to see a white cloud sweeping swiftly towards us, and on a course that would pass directly across the bow of the barque to windward. But the barque was still standing straight ahead, not paying the slightest attention to the fast-approaching cloud nor the warning of the falling glass. While we lay bobbing in the heavy head sea under lower topsails, making practically no headway, she was ploughing along to the westward still swinging her royals.

In a moment the white cloud had completely enveloped her and came rushing on swiftly towards us, whipping the sea into a bubbling white foam, scattering the broken

crests into showers of white cutting spume and hail, and driving it towards us with hurricane force. With a roar it dashed against the side of the ship, heaving us over on our beam ends and enveloping us in a cloud of mist and spray that left nothing visible but the small part of the deck on which the captain and I stood, clinging with both hands to the weather rail.

I opened my mouth to speak, and found that while by supreme effort I could move my jaws I was unable to make a sound.

There is an old story told of a sailor who once opened his mouth to speak in one of these white squalls off the Western Islands and the wind blew him inside out.

This squall was as near as I ever came to such a fatal ending. In five minutes we were back on our even keel and once more bobbing in the choppy sea. The squall had gone as quickly as it had come, and for the time being had left us with our hands clasping the rail and really gasping for breath.

The sky was clear inshore and the white tip of the Cape was still visible, with the reflected rays of a setting sun falling on its ice-clad peak. But great was our surprise, after scanning the waters from ship to shore, not to find, even with the use of the glasses, the slightest trace of the collier. The captain and I thought that the worst fate which could befall her was to be dismasted or left lying on her beam ends, but to be unable to see even a trace was rather uncanny.

I stared rather vacantly at the Old Man, and he, with a wondering expression, stared silently back, while the scared expression on the face of the man at the wheel, who looked as though he were going to let go the spokes and make a break for the forecastle, was humorous enough to evoke peals of laughter had the situation not been so serious.

The silence suddenly was broken by the Old Man exclaiming: "Well, I'll be damned! What do you think of that, sir?" The captain gave a sharp order to set upper topsails and topgallant-sails and flake down the braces ready to go about.

Every man sprang to his work with a will, but it was accompanied by quiet subdued whispers of awe instead of the usual boisterous bawlings and shouting.

The captain, emerging from the cabin, gave the order: "Ready about, sir," and soon we were on the inshore tack, heading for the spot where we had last seen the collier when she disappeared in the enveloping squall.

In the fast-falling twilight all hands carefully scanned every inch of the ocean's surface for some trace of the missing barque—a shattered lifeboat, a cabin bulkhead, a skylight, or even a chicken coop, clinging to which we might be lucky enough to find even one survivor from whom we might obtain the name of the vessel and her destination—but after searching closely we could not find even a water bucket or a broken oar.

Once more we came about and stood across the spot, and as the darkness enclosed us, we burned flares to attract the attention of any survivor whom we might have overlooked. All hands listened intently for any faint call that might come to us for help, but without avail. The barque had disappeared completely as "a ship that passed in the night."

And now with a strong freshening breeze we stood off once more to the southward on a long tack to try to weather the Cape and clear the Diego Ramirez Rocks, which were a little to the westward and opened up to us the doorway leading to the broad Pacific Ocean.

Daylight found us with our fore-topgallant-sail furled, making good headway on the long leg of our tack to the

southward. At eight bells, morning watch, we tacked once more to the northward with slightly increasing wind. We were just nicely settled with everything snug, and the captain and I were seated at breakfast in the cabin, when the second mate hailed down the companion-way: "Sail ho—coming up on our lee quarter, sir."

Hurriedly finishing our meal, we reached the deck, and the captain, after a careful scrutiny through his glasses at the distant speck, announced that there was another one of those "damned Chilian barques, sir." He turned with a rather perplexed look on his face and went below.

Swiftly approaching, on she came; first her royals, then her topgallant-sails, and finally her topsails and courses appeared one by one above the distant horizon. Through our glasses we could see distinctly in the wake of her hatches the discoloured patches on her fore and main sails. Also the forms of the three men standing immovable like three wooden soldiers; one on the quarter-deck, one at the wheel and one on look-out on the forecastle head.

The Old Man quietly slipped out of the companion-way and silently stared for a few moments at the barque through his glasses and grunted: "Well, I'll be damned!" He laid his glasses down and with short, nervous steps began to pace the deck.

For awhile no one spoke. The watch on deck listlessly glanced over the rail towards the fast-approaching vessel and conversed among themselves in a quiet and mysterious manner. I strolled slowly forward to scan the head sails, and old Scotty broke away from a group of shipmates sitting on a spar under the weather rail, and, approaching me with a jerk of his cap, remarked: "Begging your pardon, sir, but might I be so bold as to say, sir, that I knows her, sir? She's the Phantom Ship, sir; I seen her once before, sir, off the River Plate, just before the *Lennox* took fire and

burned, sir, and she bodes ill luck to us, sir, of that I'm quite sure, sir."

"Now, look here, Scotty, you just take it from me, you'd better stow that line of doleful talk you've been handing out ever since we left New York. You've got the men's nerves all on edge with your calamity howling and vague superstitions. You're old enough to know better. Stow it, I say, and if I ever hear of your preaching any more such damned nonsense forward, I'll be forced to quiet your tongue by pushing a wad of oakum down your throat."

When I returned to the quarter-deck I found the Old Man still carefully scanning the mysterious vessel from stem to stern.

"Shall I hoist the ensign and show our signals again, sir?" I inquired.

"No, to hell with her, sir," was his gruff reply as he walked away.

Nevertheless, we were all greatly relieved when we saw the barque gradually disappear off our lee bow below the horizon.

In the afternoon the wind began to increase in volume, so that by sundown we were again pounding under reefed topsails against a fast-increasing wind dead ahead and a rapidly rising sea.

For the next three weeks without a let-up, the wind and sea held on, at times shifting a point or a point and a half north or south. No sooner would we wear ship from one tack to the other, trying to gain a bit of westing, when back it would go again. We were now wearing ship at least once every watch, and often twice, and were forced at one time as far south as fifty-nine degrees. At the end of that period, weary, tired and disgusted by the nights and days of unceasing toil and the battering we had undergone from the incessant gales of hail, ice, sleet and snow, we stood

inshore once more to verify our reckoning, having been unable to get even a slight glimpse of the sun and obtain an altitude for over a week. Great was our disappointment and chagrin when we finally made a landfall to find that we were back at the Cape again.

Our three weeks of hard labour and suffering had gone for naught; we had not gained a solitary mile. It was discouraging. Fifty-nine days out we sighted the Cape, and here at the end of the eightieth day we were back at the same place. I had heard of ships striking what was at times called a stone wall; and the captains, after attempting to break through, finally giving up in despair, and turning around, squared their yards and headed for the Cape of Good Hope. Considering the pounding we had taken one could hardly have blamed the Old Man if he had followed suit.

After taking careful bearings of the point again, the order was given to "about ship," and once more we were headed southwards to resume our struggle of working around the Cape.

For the next twenty-four hours we seemed to have dropped our hoodoo and were helped southward by a lucky shift of wind, and with a decreasing sea on our next tack we were able to weather the point and break out into the open ocean, thereby accomplishing in one day what we had been vainly striving to do for the past three weeks. Truly a grand piece of luck for which we were very thankful!

CHAPTER X

"When Old Stormy died he made a will,
Hi, yi, yah, Mr. Storm along;
When Stormy died he made a will,
To my way, ho, storm and blow."
Deep Sea Chanty.

We began to feel that at last we were free from this terror of all mariners—the Horn; and still keeping our head well to the westward we began to run off as much longitude as possible in the low latitudes, where there are only thirty-five miles to the degree. That evening in the dog watch, to celebrate our victory, all hands were called aft to "splice the main brace," and under the stimulating effects of the ardent spirits doled out we completely forgot for the time being the hardships we had suffered during the past three weeks.

At the end of another week we crossed from fifty degrees south to the northward in longitude about one hundred and ten degrees west, it having taken us nearly seven weeks to cover a distance usually done in three weeks. As we gradually worked up towards the forties, the weather became more settled, although occasionally we ran up against a snorter, just as a reminder that we were not yet completely out of the wood.

It was during one of these parting blows that we lost our second man. The wind had been increasing gradually all day and a falling glass indicated an approaching storm. As darkness began to fall we took in our topgallant-sails and clewed up the cross-jack and mainsails, and started to make things comfortable for the night. It was at the close

of the first dog watch, and after I had left instructions with the second mate to have the sails furled, the captain and I went in to supper. We were just comfortably seated at the table when the sound of a dull thud, followed by a peculiar vibration and trembling of the ship, caused us to spring quickly to our feet and dash for the cabin door. We knew by intuition that someone had fallen from aloft, as only the impact of a human body striking a ship's deck could cause the indescribable, almost human quivering that passed through the entire vessel.

The crew were still upon the main-yard struggling in the darkness to smother the thrashing sails, which were bellying out in balloon-like bags with every fresh puff of wind and threatening to knock the men from their precarious hold to the deck below.

The forms of the officers were just discernible in the darkness as they bent over a prostrate body lying extended on the deck in the port waist just under the main-yard. Our worst fears were fully confirmed.

Tenderly picking up the limp form, we carried it into the hospital room, and as we carefully laid him on one of the bunks the flickering flare from the swinging lamp revealed to us the ashen-hued face of Louie.

The sudden bellying of the sail had in some way caused him to loose his hold from the becket on the jack-stay and had forced him over backwards to a clear fall of some sixty feet to the deck below.

He was unconscious, so, quickly removing his clothes, we found upon a superficial examination that he was suffering from a fractured skull, a dislocated left shoulder and a broken arm.

In our crude way, and with what little knowledge we had acquired from the study of first-aid, the captain and I administered what help we could. We bound up his

shoulder with heavy strips of linen cloth and set his arm in splints, but when it came to the fractured skull we were utterly at a loss as to the proper mode of procedure. We studied the book and followed the directions explicitly, but without results, and for four hours we sat watching him, rubbing and chafing his paralysed limbs and trying in various ways to restore him to consciousness, but in vain. Each minute his breathing became fainter and his heart-beats weaker, and as the ship's bell tolled out the hour of midnight (denoting the beginning of the " death watch "), his moanings ceased and he passed away.

His body was reverently carried into the carpenter's shop and was laid out on the bench. The sailmaker and the carpenter prepared it for burial by washing and dressing him up in his best suit of " go-ashore " clothes, then sewing him up in a heavy piece of new canvas for a shroud, and with a couple of old iron cable shackles fastened at his feet, they laid the body on the sliding board, covered with the ship's ensign, to await burial.

At eight bells, in the morning watch, *i.e.* at 8 a.m., all hands were mustered to bury the dead. The ensign was run up half-way to the monkey gaff, the main-yards were backed, and the body of poor Louie, lying on the sliding board covered by the flag, and perched upon the shoulders of four of his watch mates, was solemnly brought aft to the lee gangway and placed with the foot of the board resting on the ship's rail.

It was a bleak, raw, cold morning. The heavy leaden clouds overhead seemed to have drawn the edges of the dark-hued canopy that enshrouded us closer to the horizon. The sound of the wind shrieking through the rigging and the flapping of sails and creaking of spars as we rolled and tossed in the heavy sea added a weird note somewhat like the wail of innumerable lost souls already gone before.

The rough, hardy crew, standing with uncovered heads in the withering gale, solemnly gathered around the body at the ship's side. The captain, advancing to the break of the poop, with Prayer-book in hand, began in a tremulous voice to read: "I am the resurrection and the life." As these solemn words sounded above the whistling winds which broke in upon the silence of the surrounding crew, you could see an honest tear coursing down the cheeks of most of the rough, rugged faces, tanned by the wind and moist with flying spray. As the captain came to the words: "We commit this body to the deep," the inboard end of the sliding board was raised and the body slid out, feet first, from under the ensign and, with a splash, disappeared beneath the angry waves.

For just a second all hands stood awestruck and silent, and as I cast my eye towards Foley, the forecastle bully, he seemed greatly embarrassed at being discovered in the act of withdrawing his rough hand from wiping something besides salt spume from his eyes.

My own thoughts went out in sympathy to that poor mother sitting desolate and alone way up in Mississippi River Valley, waiting and watching in vain for her boy who would never return.

"Why in hell don't you fill away the main-yard, sir?" bawled the captain from the quarter-deck, thereby reminding me that we were still on a sailing ship and there was no time to waste with wandering thoughts or sentiment when the wind, blowing fair, would carry us swiftly to our destined port.

We then filled away, leaving the remains of Louie in the keeping of the sea-gulls and three large albatross, soaring gracefully in the dull grey sky overhead, with their huge wings spread out as though pronouncing a final benediction on the departed soul. (It is a sailor's super-

stition that these birds are the reincarnated spirits of departed sea captains lost in the bleak, stormy region of Cape Horn.)

The wind held strong and fair for the next week, and we soon ran out a good deal of our westing and entered the lower forties. Gradually we changed our heavy storm sails for the lighter ones that would carry us through the trades.

In the course of our rush to overhaul and repair the damages suffered during the heavy weather of the past weeks, such as smashed bulwarks, torn and split sails, smashed hatch covers and boats, and water tanks which had been wrenched and torn from their beds, we had overlooked several chances to at least partly fill our empty tanks with a supply of fresh rain-water and so we had been compelled to use the water out of our main tank.

For the time being this did not cause us any great worry, as we still had the doldrums to look forward to, which usually furnished an ample supply. But the captain, remembering our late experience in the Atlantic, as a measure of precaution ordered all hands to be put on an allowance of three pints of water per day, one pint of which was allotted to the cook for coffee and tea.

During the next week we picked up the southerly end of the trades, and as we were well up in the balmy Pacific, we felt hopeful of reaching port without any further fear of bad weather or gales. So we began to put the ship into her best suit of clothes, cheerfully looking forward thus early to the end of the voyage.

All our heavy sails were overhauled, repaired and stowed away in the locker, ready for use on our return trip. The crew was kept busy setting up the standing rigging in order to remove the slack caused by the strain of heavy weather, also scraping and painting iron-work and spars, cleaning decks, tarring down shrouds and back-stays, and scouring

the paint-work from forepeak to taffrail with sand and canvas, so that our ship would be ready to receive the fresh coat of white paint, which was usually applied just before our triumphal arrival into port.

It would surprise the ordinary landsman to see the great amount of labour necessary to put a ship into that spick-and-span condition which will satisfy our own personal pride and withstand the severe criticism that is sure to follow from the officers and crews of other ships upon our arrival in port.

The next week we were in about fifteen degrees south and one hundred and eighteen degrees west, nearing the northern limit of the south-east trades, which began to grow lighter and lighter each day, while the increasing heat from the tropical sun caused us to revert quickly to the costumes of the South Sea Islanders. Most of the crew did their daily work in a full-dress suit of dungaree, which consisted of pants and jumper, sans shoes, underclothes and caps. Even this abbreviated apparel seemed at times superfluous, especially when engaged in holystoning decks.

We had made rapid progress with our work during the past week, having finished setting up all standing rigging with lanyards trimmed and neatly capped ready for the final dress coat of tar. The windlass, capstan and anchors, and all bolt-heads and rings, jack-stays and mast bands were scraped, in early anticipation of reaching the doldrums, when the greater part of our time would have to be given to the bracing of yards to take advantage of every breath of air that might waft us towards the equator, as we were many days behind our schedule and had still quite some distance to go.

Old Scotty, with great pride, reported the finishing of a new thirty-foot light duck rainsail, and for once quite cheerfully prophesied that we should soon strike an abundant supply of rain to replenish our greatly depleted water supply,

and that all would be able to wash the salt out of the wrinkles in our faces and perhaps even be allowed enough to wash the stiffness out of our clothes. Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, the Old Man relieved the carpenter of his responsibility and care of the daily distribution of the now most precious liquid by personally taking possession of the tank key and pump, locking them in his room, and then announced that thereafter the daily allowance would be dealt out only by him. This remark indicated that the water question was beginning to assume serious proportions.

CHAPTER XI

"To give old sailors plenty of gin,
Hi, yi, yah, Mr. Storm along;
To give old sailors plenty of gin,
To my way, ho, storm and blow!"
Deep Sea Chanty.

STORMS to the right of us, storms to the left of us, rattle and thunder, but devil a one had furnished us with sufficient rain to fill even one deck cask. As each black cloud was espied in the distance approaching us, both rainsails were set and water barrels and buckets were placed in readiness to catch every possible drop. The men even spread out white handkerchiefs and pieces of old white linen on the decks and housetops in the hopes that in this way they might be able to obtain a few extra drops for their personal use beyond their restricted allowance. And each evening as the men gathered around the main hatch at yarn-spinning time, instead of the usual bantering talk of fighting and rum, the talk was chiefly of water, water and more water.

It is quite remarkable the effect an allowance has on one's thirst. While usually one would go perhaps a whole watch with only a couple of swallows and be satisfied, knowing that there was always plenty more in the breakers, now each man had an everlasting thirst and was always looking forward longingly to the time when his green pickle bottle would be replenished, as it usually was emptied within twelve hours after water had been issued.

We were now on the equator, and the hot tropical sun poured down upon us, at times with such intensity as to

cause heat blisters to appear in the pitch of our deck seams. Another week of this weather and we were nearing the northern limits of the doldrums and anxiously awaiting the first of the north-east trades. The feeling of relief and hilarity that usually accompanied this announcement was overshadowed by the fact of the shortage of water, brought before us more distinctly than ever before, because the captain had ordered our allowance to be cut from three pints to two, one of which still went to the cook.

With sad faces and thirsty, parched throats we all lined up at the main fife rail at water time and sorrowfully surrendered our treasured quart pickle bottles to the steward, each receiving in return a nice clean little pint bottle. Gracious, how small the bottle looked! A quart was little enough on which to pull through a long hot day, but how were we ever to exist upon a pint?

I had always drunk one half of my quart bottle immediately upon its issue and had had hard work to make the other half last over for the balance of the day, and now the thought of the allowance being cut in half was simply terrifying and immediately my thirst increased threefold. If I, merely walking around the ship's deck, was suffering under the restriction, how about the men who had to squat down on their knees on a small piece of board covered with canvas in the broiling sun, pushing a seven-and-a-half-pound holystone back and forth during the better part of a four-hour watch?

It was a rather pathetic sight each evening, to watch us all gather solemnly around the pump, each with his little pickle bottle, waiting for the Old Man to come through the cabin door, pump in hand, and walk to the tank with stately tread. He solemnly withdrew the key from his pocket, unscrewed the cap and attached the pump to the suction pipe, while old Scotty would, just as solemnly,

carefully wrap his old white handkerchief around the butt of the pump to absorb the few drops of water that would always dribble from its base upon removal. Why this should be his special prerogative no one knew nor seemed to care. He had taken this duty upon himself on the first night the Old Man shipped the pump, and he continued to do so without question.

It was about a week after our allowance of water had been cut the second time that the suffering brought about by the diminished supply caused some of the rusty think-wheels in the head of one of the boys forward, which perhaps had been lying idle for years, to turn rapidly around once more, finally recalling to his mind an article he had read years before in a magazine, in which it was said that polluted water placed in an open vessel and exposed over-night to the rays of the moon would purify itself.

It seems that on this particular day the boy had been assigned to assist Chips to block out a new set of pump leathers, and he discovered that the barrel, in which a piece of pump leather was almost always soaking to soften it, was about half full of water, put there just prior to our sailing from New York. This barrel was also used as a cooling tank for heated iron shackles and bands under repair and also to soften pieces of hard wood used in making blocks and sheaves. A green, slimy scum had accumulated on its surface, while the water underneath had assumed the colour and consistency of jet-black ink and emitted a stench as vile and strong as a Chicago stockyard.

This wonderful discovery was divulged to me one day in a very confidential manner by old Scotty while taking his trick at the wheel, and when my thirst was particularly acute. When darkness set in, I procured a shallow pan from the cook, and filling it about half an inch deep with

this vile liquid, I placed the pan on the top of the after house where the full rays of the moon would strike it during the night, and awaited results. In the morning watch, with great secrecy, I took it to my room. From a superficial examination I failed to see any improvement, either in taste or smell. It was just the same black stinking mess, but thinking that the purification, while not discernible, might have taken place, I poured a small portion into a glass, and adding a few drops of lime-juice and a pinch of brown sugar, I closed my eyes and holding my nose I gulped it down quickly.

During my younger years I had taken many a nauseous and obnoxious dose, but never to my recollection could anything compare with this vile concoction. In disgust I threw what was left in the pan over the side of the ship, bewailing the loss of even the small amount of lime-juice and sugar I had used in the experiment.

About a week after my experience, Big Otto, a Russian Finn, came aft and reported to me that his mouth and throat were so sore he could not swallow his hardtack. The captain carefully examined Otto's mouth and throat and gave him a wash of water and bicarbonate of soda and sent him forward. As soon as Otto had disappeared into the forecastle the Old Man paused for a moment in his nervous pacing of the deck, and with a worried look remarked: "By God, sir, I believe that man has the scurvy. I'm going below at once to look the symptoms up in the medical book, and if my belief is verified, we'll have all hands aft in the morning and make a thorough examination, as the damned disease is contagious."

At eight bells in the morning watch, the captain appeared on deck and ordered all hands aft at once, and proceeded to make a very thorough examination of the eyes, mouth, gums and fingers of each man. When he had finished,

four were left standing apart from their mates and they were ordered to go forward at once and remove all of their belongings into the hospital and not touch a single article belonging to the others. These four men were Big Otto, Peter (a Dane), a little Yankee called Picayune, as he hailed from New Orleans, and old Scotty, who like a raven was for ever prophesying evil. Further investigation disclosed the fact that these men were the original four who believed in the beneficial effects of the moon's rays on contaminated water, and had continued to drink it at times during the day so that their scanty allowance of the good water might last longer. From the present outlook they were likely to suffer severely for their illusion.

We were now in the trades, and although they came in very light we were very thankful to pick them up so early and hoped they would increase daily. Our four scurvy patients were gradually growing worse despite our most careful treatment. Our scanty stores of lime-juice were being rapidly depleted, as we issued it liberally to all hands on the first signs of the dreaded disease.

We struggled in vain to catch sufficient water from the many passing showers to fill even a tub. The carpenter had taken the lead pipes and plumbing out of the spare state-rooms and constructed a worm connected to the top of the beef coppers on the galley stove in order to convey the exhaust steam through a beef barrel filled with cold salt water, and thus act as a condenser, hoping in this way to add to our water supply.

This was our one hundred and fifty-second day out, and with the loss of two men, the shortage of water, head winds and now scurvy patients and light trades, it looked as though, after all, there was something in the hard-luck prophecies. I did not even hint of such a thing to old Scotty, who, owing to advanced years, was already reduced

by his affliction to a state of utter helplessness, while his fellow-patients were able to hobble around the decks with the aid of a cane.

The shortage of men was certainly raising Old Hobbs with our work. We were still holystoning, but not making the headway we anticipated, owing to the debilitated condition of the men, who were suffering primarily from the lack of water and excessive heat. We discovered that chewing a piece of dried apple while working would to a certain extent alleviate the craving for water, and everyone adopted the habit with beneficial results.

It was really gruesome to see how carefully each bottle was secreted in some safe place, and how mysteriously each man acted when he went to his hiding-place to get a drink. Several members of the crew had complained to me that their bottles had been broached, and one afternoon the climax was reached when the second mate, with blood in his eyes, informed me that someone had tapped his bottle, which he had hidden under his pillow. I had noticed once in going down the steps leading from the quarter-deck, that as I passed the window of the second mate's room the neck of a bottle protruded from under his pillow, and I had suggested to him that he ought to remove the temptation by putting it in a more obscure place. This was at the time when we were using quart bottles; and he expressed himself in such strong and forcible terms as to just what would befall the laddy buck who even so much as glanced at his bottle with covetous eyes, and he was so sure of its safety, that I gave the matter no further thought. And now someone had committed the offence. To think that anyone would have the nerve and audacity to tap his, the second mate's, bottle, was to him simply unbelievable. While his personal sufferings no doubt were acute, the blow to his pride was much more so.

I had less sympathy for him than for the men, but the matter had grown to such proportions, and the feeling of suspicion and hatred engendered amongst the men had assumed such a serious aspect, that when I reported the state of affairs to the captain, he decided that immediate action of some kind must be taken to discover the guilty party or parties, and that severe punishment would be meted out, in order to put a stop to any further desire to continue this (under the present conditions) unpardonable sin.

Under the Old Man's direction, a round-faced young Irish lad, serving as an apprentice and known among his shipmates as Dublin Johnny, was secreted under the forecastle head behind the windlass, from which point of vantage he could see any person who might enter either forecastle and he could also watch every movement through the open door.

It was two days before Johnny reported results, but the evidence he had obtained was so conclusive that it left no doubt as to the despicable scoundrel. The guilty one was a middle-aged man of short, stocky build, known among his shipmates as Brocky McCue. (This appellation of "Brocky" was given to any person on shipboard whose face bore the marks left after an attack of small-pox.) Brocky was a first-class sailor in every respect, and claimed that he had been a prize-fighter in his youth; his skill in handling the mitts in the evening sparring exhibition on the main hatch seemed to fully justify his claim.

He had naturally set himself up as boss of the port watch, and none of his mates had cared to dispute his claim, but the feeling of enmity that existed between him and Foley of the starboard watch had for the past couple of weeks threatened to end in a real scrap to decide just who was the better man—an event which, if staged on the

main hatch in the dog watch, would draw a full house and give a pleasant evening to all. And the plugs of tobacco that would be wagered on the result would fill the Old Man's heart with joy, as it was withdrawn from the slop chest, and would greatly deplete the amount left to the credit of the drawer when pay day arrived.

As eight bells in the afternoon watch rang out, the Old Man appeared through the cabin door leading to the main deck, clad in a costume much out of the ordinary—a white cotton sleeveless undershirt, blue trousers and heavy carpet slips—and bawled out: "Muster all hands aft at once, sir."

His tanned face bore a troubled look, and the anger expressed in the glare of his steely grey eyes that shone out from under a pair of bushy brows boded ill for some poor devil.

That trouble was brewing was fully denoted by the hesitating way in which the men walked, and it was quickly confirmed when the Old Man, losing patience at the slow, crab-like manner in which they were moving, started forward to meet them and cut loose with such a choice volley of curses and threats that it caused most of them to tremble and quake and look back towards the forecastle in a hesitating manner, as they tried to make up their minds whether it were safer to advance and face the captain in his towering rage or beat it back and close the doors.

In that moment of hesitation the men had lost, for the captain, roaring like a wild bull, his heavy gorilla-like arms shooting out like piston-rods, dashed in amongst them and scattered them like chaff before the wind until he reached Brocky, who, having a suspicion as to the cause of all this uproar, had kept well in the background. Grabbing him around the neck with a vice-like grip, the captain dragged him roughly towards the main hatch and pro-

ceeded to use him as a deck swab, first thrashing him to the right, then to the left, like a farmer with a flail, punctuating each change of position with the choicest line of remarks as to the proper place the body of a man should be consigned to when he was so small and despicable as to steal the water of a thirsty shipmate. The Old Man finished by suddenly shifting to a crotch hold and tossing Brocky's bruised and bleeding body in a heap on the hatch.

Turning angrily to the silent, awe-struck crew, he bellowed out between the short puffs of his distressed breathing: "Now, get to hell out of here and go forward, and the next man I catch stealing water aboard this packet, I'll break every damned bone in his body."

There was one mad rush forward on the part of the crew, not one casting as much as a glance of pity towards Brocky, who lay bleeding and bedraggled on the hatch. The Old Man, still swearing a blue streak, his face, throat and chest bathed in a lather of blood and perspiration from his strenuous exertions, disappeared into the cabin.

The second mate grabbed the prostrate form on the hatch roughly by the shoulders and jerked him to a half-sitting position, at the same time letting loose a long string of vile abuse that he had been only partly successful in suppressing during the deck-swabbing act.

"So you're the dirty sea skunk that's been stealing your mates' water, are you? After what's been said I think you're the low-down cur that tapped me own bottle, and while I can't prove it, I've a good mind to give you a couple of good clips just on general suspicion. Now stop your whining, you big boob, and get up out of this and don't be after dirtying the nice clean hatch cover any more. You're a fine-looking gossoon to call yourself a prize-fighter, laying there on your back and working your ugly face as though you had swallowed a chew of tobaccer."

With a quick rough jerk, the mate pulled Brocky to his feet and with a well-placed, dexterous swing of his boot launched him towards the forecastle door.

We heard no more complaints of water-bottles being tapped.

CHAPTER XII

"We dug his grave with a golden spade,
Hi, yi, yah, Mr. Storm along;
We lowered him down with a silver chain,
To my way, ho, storm and blow."

Deep Sea Chanty.

On our one hundred and sixty-second day out we were in latitude twenty-three degrees north and longitude one hundred and twenty-five degrees west. The trades were holding strong and it seemed that it would be only a matter of a few days before we might expect to pick up Farralone Light, a positive sign that the end of our voyage was drawing near. Our patients were growing worse daily and were now too weak to leave their beds. Our supply of lime-juice and prunes was exhausted and we depended on the anti-scorbutic properties contained in canned tomatoes, which we issued liberally, trying to hold in check the spread of the dreaded disease. We also added to the forecastle mess from the cabin stores two additional weekly issues of canned fresh beef, and hoped and trusted our supply would hold out until we reached port.

Still no rain! It was a perfect Sunday afternoon and we were bowling merrily along before a steady six-knot breeze with every stitch of canvas set and drawing. The rhythmical creaking of the mast and yards and the flapping and fluttering of the white sails as we glided gently over the long undulating swells of a green-painted sea under a blue and cloudless sky seemed to create a symphony of sound that filled one's mind with quietness and peace.

The crew were lolling idly around the deck, some mend-

ing clothes, some reading, others gathered in groups on the forecastle head, watching one of their mates down on the martingale chains trying to harpoon an elusive porpoise, which glided gracefully and swiftly back and forth across the ship's cutwater, his taunting manner indicating a feeling of utter contempt for the man's lack of skill.

Under the stress of extra work due to shortage of men, the lack of water and depression caused by fear of the spread of scurvy, the snappy life and cheer that usually appear when near the end of a voyage, was lacking. The officers as well as the men seemed restless, dull and lifeless.

This was perhaps one of the reasons why the second mate, instead of turning in for a little sleep in his watch below, chose, greatly to my surprise, to sit down on the quarter-deck steps beside me, and with a weary, tired look in his usually sharp, steely grey eyes, and in a languid voice, inquired: "Do you believe any of those yarns old Scotty has been spinning, sir? I was in to see him a few moments ago and he was still prophesying that something worse than we have had was still to come. As for myself, sir, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't.

"Now, we all saw that Chilian collier with her black smooty mainsail. Of that there's no doubt; and any sailor man knows that no ship could stand up and take such a squall as she did with all sail set, and besides she was in ballast. If she didn't take aback and go down all standing, where the devil did she go to, sir?—tell me that, sir,—without leaving even as much as a floating deck bucket behind. And then the one coming up at daybreak on our quarter, sir; it must have been she, sir, or she had a twin, devil a bit of which I could believe, sir. And there was those three dagoes standing on the deck like three wooden men, sir, and never wonst did I see the wooden devils as much as move an arm, sir, during the many times I had the

glasses glued to me eyes, sir. So you see, sir, it's not right for the likes of me to say, sir, whether she was or whether she wasn't.

" But when that sleepy-headed scalpin fell off the forecastle head that night he was on look-out and raised such a racket claiming he saw Louie's ghost setting on the cathead, it's lying he was, sir; he had fallen asleep while leaning against the bitts, sir, and was in fear of the beating up he'd get if found out. I never could swallow such lying sailors' yarns as that, sir. Still, I've seen some very mysterious things in me time, sir, and most of me folks at home belong to a superstitious family, sir.

" I remember way back in the early 'sixties, when I was a wee bit of a lad at me home in Youghal, a few miles north of Queenstown, sir, I used to go out with my two older brothers in the good smack *Nora*. My brother's mate was a bright, blue-eyed, curly-haired young chap named Con Halpin, and devil a handsomer lad could be found in a day's sail along the Skibbereen coast between Kinsale and Cape Clear. He was known to every colleen in the town; they admired his unusual gift of flattery and blarney which he showered unsparingly on all whenever they met.

" The *Nora* was accounted the most successful smack in the whole fleet that sailed out of the port, and Con had confidentially informed me that the secret of their great success lay in the fact that every night when he was on watch a beautiful mermaid with long tresses of golden-red hair hanging down to her emerald-green waist would appear to him, gliding along as gracefully as a dolphin, just under the surface of water by the trawler's bow, and by beckoning and signs she would guide the boat to the most favourable location in which to set their nets for the night, and the men would be free from the dangers of having the nets cut or damaged by the sharp prows of some one of the fleet of

numerous vessels that nightly passed up or down, bound to some of the channel ports. Upon the approach of a storm, whether they were well over to the eastward by the Welsh coast, standing up to northward by Tuskar light or hugging the west shore by Connibeg lightship, he would receive the friendly warning in ample time to haul in nets and make the harbour in safety before the storm broke. And often in the quiet night, when we were all asleep, she would come close up to the side of that part of the boat nearest to where he was sitting, and in the softest of tones she would croon to him the most heavenly ' Come all ye's ' that he ever heard issue from the lips of a daughter of Erin. Even when scudding under shortened sails in haste to reach the sheltering harbour to escape the fast-approaching gale, he could hear her notes crooning low and sweet above the sharp whistling of the rising winds.

" Con would never speak of these mysterious happenings to my brothers, for they often called him a good-for-nothing, lazy, idle dreamer, as it was on account of the peculiar habit he had of gazing for minutes at a time dreamily off over the deep green sea, as though striving to pierce through the surrounding atmosphere and discover the mysteries hidden in the vacancy beyond. And so absorbed would he become in this habit that at times it was necessary to shout loudly or throw something at him to get his attention. But they had to admit that for luck in picking out good grounds, escaping from storms or dodging the numerous vessels during the dark and stormy nights and getting safely back home without loss or damage to their nets or gear there was not his equal along the whole coast.

" We had gone out one afternoon as usual, keeping well inshore and standing well up north towards the lightship; the setting sun was shining like a red ball of fire through the night clouds closing in rapidly over the western shore.

Already a heavy raw mist had begun to sweep up the channel with the incoming tide, quickly surrounding us in the fast-gathering gloom. Running a bit offshore we dropped our buoy and run out our nets, and as we stood inshore, made our drifting lines fast to the forward thwart, and setting our riding light, made things snug for the night. After we had finished our supper, my brothers and Con filled their short clay dudeens with a pinch of Dublin twist and began their usual wrangle over the location chosen to ride out the night. As they had never been known to agree, it was not many minutes before their jaws got tired out, and knocking the ashes out of their pipes, they wrapped themselves up in their blankets and prepared to catch the few hours' sleep possible in order to be ready for the hard work coming with the break of day, leaving me to keep a look-out during the night and warn them of any approaching danger.

"The night air was cutting and raw and chilled me to my bones, but the sea was calm and smooth, rolling by in long, undulating swells and causing the boat to rock gently back and forth in cradle-like fashion. The lulling lap of the waves along the side made it hard for me to keep from falling to sleep. In fact I was more than dozing when I was suddenly recalled to my senses by hearing Con's well-known voice coming to me in a cautious whisper, saying 'Whist, lad, don't you hear that sound coming over the waters like the tinkling of sweet silver bells? You may think it's the fog bells on Connibeg, but you're mistaken, lad, it's she calling me, gossoon. So now you just wrap yourself in me blanket like a good lad and I'll call you if anything goes wrong.'

"As I drew the blanket around me I could see by the dim glare from the riding light Con's form crouched in a heap in the boat's bow, gazing wistfully out over the dark waters towards Connibeg. For a few moments I dreamily

watched two rows of blinking lights shining out through the port-holes of a big steamer gliding silently through the darkness, and I soon dropped off to sleep, to be awakened suddenly by the hoarse shouting of me brothers calling down all the curses of hell upon the head of the unfortunate helmsman of a small topsail schooner that had run athwart of our nets in the darkness.

" ' Where is that lazy, stupid-headed son of a spalpeen, Con Halpin ? ' they called out in loud angry tones, casting their eyes carefully over the boat from stem to stern. But devil a sign of him could be seen. We searched every nook and cranny and shouted his name loud enough to be heard half-way across the channel, but no answer came back to us across the waters. Then it suddenly dawned upon us that he had actually disappeared, and the reaction left us staring in astonishment into each other's scared white faces, tongue-tied, by his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

" In silence we took down our riding light and with heavy hearts began to draw in our nets. Great was our disappointment, upon the completion of the haul, at the scanty return for our hard night's work after the wonderful run of luck we had been having.

" ' Sure it's in keeping with the bad luck of losing Con Halpin ; I know he's the cause of it,' me brothers whispered, as with sad hearts we set sail and headed for home.

" The news of Con's mysterious disappearance was a great surprise to the folks ashore, which was also tinged with sorrow, for in spite of his peculiar ways and mysterious and lazy, dreamy manner, Con's weird uncanny tales had gained for him considerable popularity amongst the young folks in Youghal, and for the next fortnight many a lass could be seen with tears in her eyes as she reverently crossed herself at the mention of his name.

" The ill luck that followed the *Nora* for the next year was

discouraging; first by the smallness of her catches, then the numerous loss of nets, and finally by being run down in thick fog and badly damaged. The old folks and me brothers, one and all, were thoroughly agreed that in some mysterious way it all had to do with the disappearance of Con, and this decision was further strengthened after my telling them about the wonderful stories Con had told me in confidence about the beautiful mermaid of Connibeg, the news of which soon spread from fishing-boat to fishing-boat along the entire coast.

"It was just one year to the day from the time Con disappeared when we set out once more for the night's trawling. I, myself, had taken his place in the boat, and as soon as we were clear of the harbour we began our usual wrangle as to the choice of grounds for our night's work. Me brothers seemed to favour going out towards mid-channel, while I held out for the southern grounds down towards Kinsale. It was finally decided that we go north towards Tuskar light.

"We had had a rather superstitious fear of going near the Connibeg grounds during the past year, not that any one of us would acknowledge it, as of late it was seldom that Con's disappearance was referred to, and then only in whispers with a prayer for deliverance from the Evil One. Reaching our chosen grounds we found that an unusual number of vessels were passing up and down, making the risk of loss or damage to our net so great that we decided to go to the south-west of Connibeg, well inshore and clear of all shipping. Our net was soon paid out, and lowering our sail we set our riding light and made everything snug for the night.

"It was an exceptionally clear, starlight night. Eastward across the channel could be seen the highlands of Carnarvon Bay, looking like a zigzag line against the blue

night sky, while to the north of us the bright rays from the Connibeg light caused shimmering ripples of silver to chase each other back and forth across the waters of the dark green seas. The night passed without incident.

"At daybreak, as usual, we began our weary haul. Slowly, foot by foot, the net came in and was quickly flayed out on the thwarts until we had the pocket close aboard. As we began to lift it over the side for opening, the weight gave all indications of a fairly good catch. With straining eyes we all curiously peered over the side to catch the first glimpse of our haul, when suddenly our faces paled and our limbs trembled as the dead body of Con Halpin was disclosed to our view.

"His pale, upturned face still seemed to retain slight traces of that dreamy, far-away look we once knew so well, while his black curly locks, once the pride of every colleen in town, now clung in a bedraggled mass over his white brow. But a smile still seemed to break from the corners of his mouth and steal roguishly up towards what now remained of his once twinkling eyes, one of which was bruised and discoloured; while he held tightly clutched in the fingers of his left hand the most beautiful long tresses of silken red hair that human eyes had ever beheld. His body, instead of being clothed in his oilskins, as when we saw him last, was now covered with a beautiful cloak of long green seaweed hanging like a mantle from his shoulders down.

"With tender care we lifted his body over the side of the boat, covering it over with blankets, and hoisting our sail, headed for home with fast-beating hearts. Great was the consternation created upon our arrival, and the startling news we brought soon spread like wildfire up and down the coast. Hundreds flocked into town from the surrounding country to view the body and see with their

own eyes the wonderful transformation that had taken place.

"The causes that really led up to this miraculous transformation may for ever remain a mystery, but at his wake, I heard an old woman whispering in a very confidential manner to a group of pretty colleens who had gathered to view for the last time poor Con's remains, that the condition of Con's eye and the lock of hair found clutched in his hand showed beyond a doubt that there had been a bit of row between them, and in a moment of anger, the mermaid had turned him back into a mortal again and, naturally, he drowned.

"To this day in the little parlour of the public-house known as the 'Eel Pot,' kept by me cousin, Mike Torpey, at the head of Queen Street as you turn off the road leading south towards Cork, you can see enclosed in a glass case the lovely tress of golden-red hair tenderly taken from Con's hand the day he was buried, and it is truly believed by every man, woman and child in the town of Youghal to have once belonged to the beautiful 'Mermaid of Connibeg.'

"That's one of the reasons why sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It's striking three bells; time for poor Jerry to get a bit of rest," he remarked, as with a grin, combined with a quizzical leer through his half-closed eyelids, he turned and went into his room.

It was not so much the story itself that impressed me as the fascinating manner in which he told it. The words falling from his lips, in a voice so soft and at times so pleading and seductive as to appear almost effeminate and tinged with just a touch of the most fascinating of brogues, were so different from his usual sharp, snappy way of speaking, when every other word was an oath, that it was hard to make myself believe that the narrator and Jerry Donovan, bucco second mate, were one and the same person.

CHAPTER XIII

"Another pull and the mate will say,
'Good-bye, fare you well; good-bye, fare you well.
The voyage is o'er, the rope belay;
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound.'"
Deep Sea Chanty.

On our one hundred and sixty-ninth day out our reckoning at noon gave us Farralone Light, bearing north-north-east, distance two hundred and twenty miles.

We sounded the main tank and found we had water enough remaining to carry us just seven days more on our present allowance. Our patients showed no improvement, but felt quite cheerful when informed of the ship's position.

We were bowling along towards port under a light north-west breeze, with yards eased off the back-stays and every stitch of canvas drawing. The sea was smooth with long, undulating westerly swells. Everybody was busy putting the finishing touches on to masts, rigging and spars, in anticipation of reaching port soon. Our chief subject of conversation now was, as usual, water, water and more water, and every man Jack aboard had time and again sworn a solemn oath that the first thing he would do when he got his two feet firmly planted on God's green earth once more would be to put his mouth under the first water faucet he could find and fill his own water tank from his toes to the top of his head. But he would not do this; he would do exactly as he had always done from time immemorial—he would plant his feet on the rail of the first saloon he could find and, anchoring his elbows on the bar, would

proceed to fill his skin from his toes to the top of his head with whisky, whisky and more whisky.

At the dawn of our one hundred and seventieth day 'Frisco was only one hundred miles away. On this particular morning we passed the trunk of an old dead tree and several pieces of sawn timber—a sure indication that land was near, and now and then we got a whiff of salt air that was tinged with an earthy smell that seemed to have stolen quietly away from the shore, carrying in its subtle perfume a message to the weary hearts at sea of good-will and a warm home welcome from anxious hearts ashore.

We were now in a more cheerful spirit than usual, and hustled up our anchor pennant and shackled the cables on to the anchors, hauled our heavy fourteen-inch towing hawser out of the fore-hatch, flaking it down in long even loops on the top of the forward house ready to pass to the tug. Mooring chains, heaving lines, buoys and fenders were placed along the sides in convenient places to be at hand when needed.

In the afternoon we sighted a steamer's hull well inshore, passing along the rim of the horizon and leaving a stream of thick black smoke in her wake which screened from sight the splendour of the meeting-place of the sea and sky beyond.

Our one hundred and seventy-first day came in with falling wind and thick fog. We were still able to hold our course, and that was about all. The rising spirits and feeling of animation that had begun to possess us had, like the weather, been swallowed up in fog. It took very little to get on our nerves, which were, perhaps, a bit overwrought by our close proximity to shore.

In the afternoon we heard the faint sound of a fog-horn coming in on our starboard beam, and for the next two hours, while sailing nearly parallel, it seemed to draw nearer.

Just before darkness set in we could hear the creaking of booms and flapping of sails off in the distance, which indicated that the vessel was probably a sugar schooner bound in from Honolulu. Finally we could distinguish voices coming faintly across the water out of the fog, and the Old Man appeared, armed with his speaking trumpet, and shouted towards them: "Schooner ahoy!" No answer. Once again, this time with a voice like a rumbling volcano "Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello, what vessel is that?" came the answering hail in a faint voice.

"The *Continental*, one hundred and seventy-one days out from New York; we're short of water, have scurvy on board and need fresh vegetables for our men. If you will haul up a bit closer, we'll send a boat for them."

We listened in vain for a reply. We could still hear the flapping of sails and the faint murmur of voices in the distance, but no reply.

The captain's rage was something terrible to behold. He bellowed out through his trumpet the vilest line of abuse I ever listened to. It was so hot I feared it might melt the mouth-piece off the trumpet, but it was all wasted, for the sound of flapping sails grew fainter and soon ceased.

"The dirty cur," roared the Old Man, striding back and forth across the deck. "He's fleeing away from us as though we had the small-pox; a fine specimen of an American captain, he is. I'll report him when we get in and have him broke."

Facing in the direction from whence the last sound had reached us, he hurled the following malediction after them: "You dirty dogs, you're not men; I hope some day you'll get jambed in the south-east corner of hell with steady trade winds of fire and brimstone blowing a gale up and down your poor weak and measly spines." Throwing his trumpet

into the locker with a bang, and still cursing a blue streak, he went down the companion-way.

At midnight, the fog still holding thick, we heard the hoarse toot of a steamer's whistle off our starboard bow. As it rapidly drew nearer, from fear of being run down in the thick fog, we began to burn our flare light as an additional warning in case the weak tooting of our one man-power fog-horn was not of sufficient intensity to warn them of our presence. Suddenly out of the fog, dead ahead, appeared the masthead light of an ocean tug running under half speed and cautiously feeling her way through the darkness and fog. Putting our wheel hard up, we headed off far enough to bring her well on our starboard beam and burned our flare on the forecastle head.

"Ship ahoy," came a loud hail from out of the mist.

"*Continental*, one hundred and seventy-one days out from New York. What tug is that?"

"The *Monarch*, one day out from San Francisco, in search of the English ship, *Baltic*, long overdue. Have you spoken her on your way out?"

Answering "No," the Old Man informed them of our condition and of the great need of fresh vegetables.

"Back your main-yard and we'll send you what we can spare."

All hands sprang to the braces, and in a few moments we sighted through the darkness the twinkling light of a ship's lantern approaching us, bobbing up and down like a firefly. Burning our flare as a guide, we threw over our side ladder and the boat was soon alongside.

The mate who was in charge of the boat climbed nimbly up the side and was quickly surrounded by every man on board, except the four in the hospital, all eager to hear the latest news of the world that had been a stranger to us for six months.

We learned first that our ship had been posted as overdue and that a tug was to be sent in search of us at once, as we had been chartered for a big sum to arrive within one hundred and eighty days, and the owners were getting anxious and worried for fear we would not arrive in time to save the charter.

We heard next that Rutherford B. Hayes had been nominated for President on the Republican ticket. This explained the mysterious message the barque *Grey Eagle* had tried to convey to us when we spoke her thirty-two days out.

Then the mate told us that the English ship *Baltic* was chartered to arrive within one hundred and eighty days, that she was now out one hundred and eighty-two days and his tug was out in search of her.

While we were absorbing all this information on the quarter-deck, the crew had busied themselves under the second mate's supervision in hoisting aboard the supply of fresh vegetables from the boat alongside. Suddenly, as the last bag was hoisted on board and dumped on deck, and several apples and oranges rolled out through its open mouth, the restrained enthusiasm of the crew broke forth in loud cheers.

Leaving several copies of daily papers with the captain, the mate of the *Monarch* dropped over the side, and waving his hand in farewell, his boat was soon swallowed up in the darkness as it started upon its return trip.

All hands now gathered around the sacks deposited on deck, which were quickly carried to the galley door, and under the glare of the galley lamp dumped out upon the floor—cabbages, onions, potatoes, and a part of a quarter of beef of sufficient size to give all hands a fresh mess, and, to top all, enough apples and oranges to serve once all around.

The *Monarch* people had supplied us more bountifully than we had anticipated.

We filled away our yards and headed once more for port, while the crew, before the watch went below, gathered on the main hatch and sent out across the water into the darkness, towards where the hoarse sound of the tug's whistle could be heard, three spontaneous cheers, which for volume and sound, as an expression of good-will, I have never heard equalled to this day.

As the next day broke the wind fell light, leaving us practically becalmed, but the fog began to lighten. At eight bells all hands were mustered aft, and what a shout arose when the captain appeared out of the cabin door with the main tank pump in hand and announced that an extra quart of fresh water would be issued to every soul on board. Such a scramble for bottles or pans, and then the wild rush for the line-up; each man received his allowance amid the cheers and jeers of his shipmates as to what he was going to do with so much water. It looked more like a gathering of frolicsome school-boys bent on a lark than a crew of deep-sea sailors. Even the Old Man's face was for once wreathed in smiles, and in all the years I sailed with him, I really think that was the happiest moment he ever experienced.

As for myself, with quart bottle in hand, I squatted down on the quarter-deck steps and calmly and quietly indulged in the greatest water spree of my life; first taking long heavy gulps and then short ones, rolling the cool liquid from side to side in my mouth to tantalize and increase the thirsty cravings of my throat, and thereby multiplying the feeling of satisfaction and enjoyment that would follow when the cold stream was allowed to flow straight down, and I continued until I had to pause for breath. I have had many a drink in my time under many conditions—iced drinks

in tropical seas and hot drinks in arctic regions—but never a drink left such pleasurable memories as that one. Why, even to this day the sound of a gurgling brook or the tinkling of crushed ice against the side of a water pitcher or glass recalls it vividly to my mind.

And then for breakfast! Oh, boy! The smells that for the last hour had been creeping out through the galley door worked all hands into such a state of excitement that it was hard to keep them away from the galley. Such heaping pans of beef stew, with real potatoes and real onions for the men, topped off with a whole big juicy apple for each, and broiled steak and onions for the cabin, caused everyone to step it off lively with a grin on his countenance so wide that you couldn't see his eyes. And, as though to offset the many hardships we had undergone, we sighted an ocean tug way off on the horizon with the smoke rolling out of the stack and spreading out in the light air like an open fan of black fleecy clouds, which at times obscured the land which was just appearing in the distance.

After breakfast I thought I would drop into the hospital to see how our patients were getting on. As I pushed my head through the partly open door, I was greeted by the Old Man's gruff voice inquiring: "What the hell are you nosing around here for, sir?"

I quickly withdrew, but not before I had seen the captain with sleeves rolled up scraping apples into pulp and squeezing the juice out of oranges which the steward was feeding to the sick men with a spoon pushed gently between their blue and swollen lips.

The Old Man, being caught while in the performance of this ordinary humane deed, was so disconcerted that he acted like a peeved child. To think that a man credited, as he was, with having a heart as hard as nails, should be caught performing the duties of a trained nurse to a lot

of sick sailors! It was rather a hard blow to his pride. But he did not deceive me in the least, as I had discovered long before the quality of the big heart that lay concealed beneath the rough exterior.

My! what a transformation that one square meal of fresh food had worked upon the spirits of the crew. Forty-eight hours before they had moved about their work in a slow, lazy, listless manner; now everyone was upon his toes, chock-full of pep and enthusiasm, with love for his fellow-man oozing out of every pore of his body. Why, they all became so damned willing and polite that it was embarrassing, especially Brocky McCue and Foley, who were now playing the Damon and Pythias act so perfectly that all hopes of our seeing that finished fight on the main hatch had to be discarded.

Anchors were now catted and the towing hawser made fast to the forward bitts, and all hands gathered on the forecastle head, standing by to pay it out to the fast-nearing tug. With a hoarse "toot toot" of her whistle she rounded on our weather quarter and informed the Old Man that she had been chartered by the ship's owners to bring us in. Casting aboard her heaving line, which we quickly passed forward and made fast to the end of our hawser, she rang her jingle bell for full speed ahead, and quickly taking up the slack of our hawser, stood in towards the land.

The straining line surged and cracked, finally set tight around the bitts, and we knew that so far as the handling of sails was concerned, our work for this voyage was over.

With a loud cheer the crew came tumbling down from the forecastle head in answer to the hoarse orders bawled from the quarter-deck to clew up all square-sails, unbend them and stow them away. This meant that if nothing unforeseen happened, we would make port before dark, and if all

work was finished the crew would be discharged and sent ashore.

It is surprising how short a time it took under the stimulus of this thought to get the square sails unbent and stored in the locker.

By six bells, afternoon watch, we had Farralone Island off our port beam, while around our stern hovered thousands of the screeching gulls which make their homes in the many cliffs of the island's rugged, stony peaks. Off to the southward, just where the blue sky and the green sea meet on the horizon, the topsails of a square rigger bound in could be discerned, shining white in the rays of the afternoon sun as they flapped idly in the breathless air; while close inshore, looking up towards point "De los Reyes," a large coasting schooner lay becalmed, her sails flapping back and forth as she rolled lazily from side to side on the long, undulating swells.

The captain, coming on deck, declared he thought she was the vessel that refused to answer our hail the night before in the fog. And if so, he hoped she would lie there and roll until she rotted.

We began to pick up the entrance to the Golden Gate. Here and there could be distinguished, well inshore, the lateen sails of a fleet of small Greek fishing-boats bound out for their night's work, while the muffled sound of the bell buoy on the bar, mingled with the hoarse bellowing of the seals that climbed and tumbled on the steep sides of the Seal Rocks, made a melody of sound that seemed to be extending to us a welcome home.

We soon rounded Fort Point, opening up the Presidio on our right, and then headed over for our anchoring ground off Alcatraz Island, followed by a revenue cutter containing the boarding masters and quarantine officers. All fore and aft sails were now quickly hauled down, unbent and stowed

away in the lockers. On the signal from the tug we let go our anchor and once more were tied fast to mother earth. A fleet of small boats quickly surrounded us, manned by a loud-mouthed lot of boarding-house runners, who swooped down like birds of prey, quickly to befog the brains of our crew by feeding them with a vile concoction of whisky that soon produced a half-drunken stupor, in which condition they were taken ashore and were soon robbed of the few hard-earned dollars they might have coming to them.

When this was accomplished, and it was usually only a matter of two or three days, they shipped the men out again.

It was one of the strict rules of the ship that no runners should be allowed on deck until all the work was finished and the crew dismissed, but it took a strong man armed with a heavy oak heaver to keep the more persistent ones from clambering over the side. When held in check they threw small packages over the side of the ship containing bottles of their vile stuff and a couple of cigars with a printed card attached, setting forth in glowing terms the superior quality of the accommodation to be obtained at their particular house over that of their competitors, keeping up in the meantime a running line of talk that would put a ballyho man at a side show to shame.

Calling in the most endearing terms to the men as they worked aloft or passed along the deck, they begged them in the name of all that is holy not to forget that Jackson's or Chandler's, as their respective home might have been designated, was next to the Garden of Eden—the nearest to a perfect Elysium for poor, tired, overworked sailors that could be found on earth. And the strange part of it was that, after being skinned or half flayed alive in every port they entered, darned if the poor fellows, with but few exceptions, didn't believe what they were told.

We now laid our yards square in man-of-war fashion,

having had the men aloft put every gasket and rope in a neat condition, and then the final order for the voyage was given: "All hands pump ship." There was a grand rush of all hands to the pumps; the lanyards were quickly strung out on each side of the deck, and with a shout of "heave," the pump wheels began to spin. As the sound of the clanking plungers mingled with the notes of the well-known chanty, "Leave her, Johnny, leave her," floated out across the bay, passengers and crews on the various vessels lined the rails and waved and cheered to the most graceful object that ever sailed the seas—an American clipper ship.

Avast heaving and the crew was dismissed. The hungry runners now sprang over the rails and made a grand rush for their victims like the lions in the Colosseum. Within fifteen minutes the last sailor and his dunnage had gone over the side and the fleet of runners' boats headed away towards the city front and "Liberty."

A tug came alongside to take our patients to the Marine Hospital. As they were carefully lifted over the rail I tucked the ends of the blanket around old Scotty's feet, and with an effort he whispered through his swollen blue lips: "I told you, Mr. Mate, that no good would come from sighting that death ship, sir."

I am glad to state that all four men fully recovered.

On the following day the English ship *Baltic*, one hundred and eighty-five days out, was towed into port a veritable shambles. Thirty-nine out of a total crew of forty-two had died from scurvy, the captain, cabin boy and the carpenter being the only survivors found on the ship when our kind friends on the tug *Monarch* picked her up about seventy-five miles off shore. She also had found the stone wall off Cape Horn which had held us three weeks in bondage.

Ship *Chocorua* of Portsmouth, U.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV

" Renzo was no sailor,
Renzo, boys, Renzo;
He shipped on board of a whaler,
Renzo, boys, Renzo."
Deep Sea Chanty.

THE next morning at ten o'clock a tug-boat with a crew of riggers came alongside, and after heaving up our anchor we were towed into a berth prepared for us at the Union Street Wharf, San Francisco. Immediately the stevedores began to discharge our cargo.

The only persons now on board besides the Old Man were the second mate, four apprentices and myself, and we found plenty of work to do in caring for the ship.

In ten days' time we were unloaded and all our holds were sheathed with boards for our new cargo of wheat. Two weeks more and being fully loaded, the riggers came on board and bent our sails. We shipped a new steward, cook, carpenter and third mate, who, with the help of the four apprentices, made quick work of stowing away our stores for the return voyage.

Having in mind the hardships we suffered from lack of water, the captain had had installed a thirty-gallon salt-water condenser. The one we extemporized on our outward passage proved a complete failure, as we were able to distil only about one gallon of water a day, and that necessitated running our galley stove night and day with a consumption of coal that was prohibitive.

And now once more we were anchored out in the bay, patiently awaiting the crew for our homeward voyage. It

was here that we ran across one of the many disadvantages caused by the clause in the United States shipping laws, which compelled American ships to ship a crew from one American port to another and did not allow a crew to be discharged in foreign ports, even by mutual consent, without a heavy penalty.

Every sailor and boarding master knew that a crew signed in San Francisco on a ship loaded with wheat and bound for Liverpool had slight chance of ever remaining by her until she reached an American port again. The wages going at San Francisco were from thirty dollars to thirty-five dollars a month for seamen. Upon their arrival at Liverpool there would be no work for them to do while in port (the Mersey Dock Board doing all the loading and unloading), and any captain who was so foolish as to keep an idle crew for perhaps a month, feeding them and paying them top wages, when he could get runners at a flat contract of ten dollars apiece to bring his ship home to the States, no matter whether she was one or two months making the trip, would have been considered an imbecile by his owners and would have been relieved of his command very quickly.

So under the above conditions, when an American ship wanted a crew, if shipping was brisk and sailors in demand, there were only two ways in which she could get them—wait until the demand decreased (which course proved very expensive), or pay a bonus to the boarding masters for quick delivery. The size of the bonus depended entirely on the boarding master's opinion of just how anxious you were to get away and how much you would stand for; at times, anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred dollars per man being demanded and given.

Therefore it will be seen that while the shipping board thought, theoretically, it was doing everything possible for

the welfare of the ship-owners and men by keeping this law on the statute books, in reality it was creating a condition exactly the opposite. It caused the owners unnecessary delay and expense and encouraged the boarding masters to engage in that reprehensible business called "shanghai-ing," the practice of which art added much to the already hard life of a sailor. "Shanghai-ing" was at its zenith at this time.

In the part of San Francisco adjacent to the water-front, between the Market Street ferry and Battery Street, were located numerous sailors' boarding houses, owned or controlled by such well-known characters as Tommy Chandler, an ex-prize-fighter; Red Jackson, who dressed like a gentleman and spoke as softly and appealingly as an evangelist; and Shanghai Brown, short and stocky in figure but rough and brutal in appearance, showing openly by his talk, manners and actions that his greatest pleasure was derived from his daily efforts to live up to his sobriquet.

It was said of him that once for a wager he shipped a dead man as an able seaman on an outgoing vessel, getting a receipt for him and cashing in his two months' advance note and that he got away with it. Also, that one night he picked up an eastern college professor who was all togged out in evening dress and was drifting aimlessly about down in the Barbary Coast section, trying to locate his hotel after attending a dinner at the famous "Poodle Dog" restaurant on Dupont Street; when daylight dawned and the professor came to his senses, he found he had been shipped as an able seaman on a ship bound around Cape Horn. There were numerous other boarding masters who no doubt had accomplished deeds fully as damnable, if not worse, but had failed to achieve the public notoriety of the three mentioned above. It was upon this class of men that we had to depend to obtain our crew, and we could ask no questions in return.

One morning at six o'clock a fleet of runners' boats was sighted heading towards us, all loaded to their gunwales with sailors and their dunnage. They were soon alongside and quickly dumped upon our deck one of the toughest bunches of men for able seamen with whom I had ever been a shipmate. At least one-half of them were so drunk they had to be helped up the ship's side.

This crew had been gathered up during the night by the different boarding masters under the stimulus of the bonus that had been offered, and the men had been placed under the watchful care of their respective runners, headed by "Three-finger Daily," one of the most notorious characters along the water-front, and known as Red Jackson's right bower.

I can state as a positive fact (for I personally saw the act) that before this man would bring the men from his house aft for muster he would take them into the forecastle and search not only their dunnage but each one personally, appropriating for his own use any object he might find, even to the extent of a few plugs of tobacco that had been furnished them as part of their outfit by the boarding master a short hour before, and when it came to cleaning up on the cash end, he must have been a mind reader to locate in the way he did the numerous secret hiding-places the men had selected in a vain attempt to keep in safety the few paltry treasures they possessed. Nothing ever escaped him, and if a protest was made, a threat or blow would be the answer, and either seemed so potent that further opposition was dropped.

To a landsman, possibly this open system of highway robbery in broad daylight seems an absurdity, but under the existing conditions the captains and officers of ships had absolutely no control over the crew until they were turned over to them by the shipping commissioner. I, personally,

after upbraiding these runners for their brutality and greed, brought the matter to the attention of the boarding officers, and on every occasion when the men had been questioned by the commissioner and asked to verify my statements, they absolutely refused to do so. And with right hand upraised they solemnly swore that everything had been satisfactorily settled, and yet, as a hurried investigation showed, the blood was still flowing from their bruised faces and some of their pockets hung inside out.

From this you can judge the effect of the fear that had been implanted in their minds by the violent threats of the boarding masters and runners.

After depositing their dunnage in the forecastle and making a final full and satisfactory settlement with their boarding masters, as described above, the men were hustled aft and mustered for final inspection by the commissioners. This particular crew were physically far heavier and huskier than the one that brought us out. As they were checked off one by one and turned over by the runners to the ship's officers, two peculiar incidents occurred—a combination of humour and pathos. The first was the discovery that one of the sailors had a wooden leg or, as they called it, a peg leg, it being of wood from the left knee down.

In all the years the Old Man had followed the sea, he had never before shipped a wooden-legged sailor, and he was not slow in voicing his objections to accepting such a combination without positive proof that the man could go aloft and reef and furl. So Peg Leg sprang up into the starboard shrouds, ran up one side of the rigging, hitting every ratline with the small three-inch, leather-covered wooden stub with great precision, worked out on the foot ropes of the main-yard, then back, and finished by sliding down the iron chain lower topsail sheets to the deck as active

as a monkey; to be greeted by roars of laughter and approval from his shipmates.

With a broad grin overspreading his face the Old Man turned to him and said: "Peg Leg, you win," and signed him up.

The second incident was Big John, a strong, husky, middle-aged Dane who, when asked by the commissioners if he had been fully settled with by his boarding master and was shipping out of his own free will, quickly answered: "Yes," and as quickly nullified his answer by remarking: "But I don't want to go in the ship, sir; something here" (tapping his head) "tells me that I will be killed."

All the eloquence of the commissioners, added to that of the captain and myself, failed to overcome his objections. As he looked to me to be one of the best men in the whole outfit, his persistent refusal got on my nerves, and turning towards him I remarked with cutting sarcasm: "Well, if you do get killed I have a nice new piece of canvas in my room just big enough to sew you up in, and Chips has just one more old rusty shackle left, so we'll drop you over the side in a good seamanlike manner."

At last he was turned back to his boarding master, who quickly led him out of sight around the corner of the forward house. In just one minute he reappeared, his face set and pallid, his eyes hard and glassy, and without another word of expostulation he held up his hand and was sworn in.

Then the commissioners boarded their tug and headed for shore, while the runners and boarding masters were ordered over the side and clear of the ship, as nothing would have given them more pleasure than to be able to steal some of the signed-on men and re-ship them over again. It was only by threatening to heave a seven-pound hand lead through the bottom of their boat that finally rid us of the last and most persistent of the bunch.

The tug now took our hawser, the men manning the capstan, and once again the sound of heavy tramping feet mingled with the musical click of the pawls in rhythm with the chorus of "We're bound for the Rio Grande," which came from the throats of our husky crew and floated across the bay.

The slack cable was soon hove short and the anchor aweigh; the pilot signalled to the tug; the hawser tightened and we moved slowly ahead out towards the open sea.

All fore and aft sails that would draw were hoisted as we cleared the harbour. Soon the Seal Rocks were on our port beam and again the hoarse bellowing of the seals was wafted to us across the water as though bidding us a solemn adieu. These were the same sounds that filled our hearts with joy upon our arrival, only a few short weeks ago, but now they sounded sad and rather doleful upon our departure.

In a little while we were out over the bar; the tug dropped our hawser and tooted us a farewell as she scooted back for the harbour. All square sails were sheeted home and once more we were bowling over the smooth, long, undulating billows of the Pacific Ocean.

As eight bells struck in the afternoon watch we hove to for a moment to discharge our pilot. Filling away our main-yard we headed off once more to the southward. Farralone Island was soon a dark speck on the distant horizon, and under the rays of the fast-setting sun the lighthouse on the summit shone like a shaft of white marble against the blue sky beyond. The decks were quickly tidied up, braces flaked down and once again watches were chosen; the usual speech from the captain followed and the port watch was sent below.

Four bells struck, indicating six o'clock and chow. As I cast my eyes in a casual survey over the spars and sails, I noted the end of a loose gasket swinging back and forth

on the fore-topgallant-yard. I called the second mate's attention to it, then went to my room and washed up for supper. The captain and I had eaten about half our meal when once more we were shocked to hear that dull thud, followed by the usual trembling of the ship, indicating that a man had fallen from aloft.

As I sprang through the open door to the deck I was met by the second mate hurrying aft to announce the sad news.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Big John, sir; he fell from the Jacob's ladder on the fore-topgallant-mast, sir."

To say that I was horrified would not begin to express the uncanny feeling that crept over me. Here we were hardly out of sight of land and the man who had objected (as I thought so foolishly) to sail in the ship for fear of death lay a smashed and bleeding mass at my feet. What mysterious unknown influence conveyed to him the premonition of the fatal end in store for him, and how?

We placed his mangled form on the bench in the carpenter's shop to be prepared for burial.

Turning to the second mate, I inquired: "Mr. Donovan, did you order Big John personally to pick up that gasket?"

"No, sir, he was one of the three men at work on the fore-topmast head, sending down the anchor pennant, and I ordered one of them to make up the gasket before coming down, sir."

It is true that, as Mr. Donovan said, at times when at sea we run across such supernatural things that while we think we are not the least bit superstitious, sometimes "we does and again we don't."

I hoped that the sad beginning was not a harbinger of bad luck, as we had had a little more than our share on our outward voyage.

CHAPTER XV

"'Twas whisky gave me two black eyes,
Whisky, Johnny;
'Twas whisky gave me two black eyes,
Whisky for my Johnny."

Deep Sea Chanty.

At eight bells in the morning watch on our second day out we gathered in the port waist, and backing our main-yards, set the ensign at half-mast to pay our last respects to Big John. As we stood with bared heads under a cloudless sky and looked towards the still form on the sliding board, covered from our view with the red and white stripes of the most beautiful flag in the world, the rays of the newly-risen sun seemed to glorify the white stars on the blue field with a shower of golden light, and they seemed to whisper in tones as soft and tender as the gentle wind overhead: "Come to me; I love thee. And the souls that I love will I keep."

Once again the solemn words: "We commit this body to the deep," the upending of the board, the splash and the wiping away of tears from rough, weather-beaten faces; then, as we again filled away our main-yards, leaving Big John at rest in the deep, the creaking of spars and the flapping of sails mingling with the hoarse shouting and "ho heave a ho's" of the crew seemed to breathe out a grand requiem mass for the peaceful repose of the departed soul.

In the afternoon watch as I looked over the men at work putting on the chafing gear, great was my astonishment to discover a sailor, shipped under the name of John McDonald, hanging by his legs to a crane line on the fore-

topmast back-stays, head down, and in this awkward and unseamanlike position trying to wind some rounding on the back-stay in the wake of the fore-yard.

Ordering the man down on deck I sharply inquired: "What do you think this ship is, a circus tent? What do you mean by such darn fool actions, anyway? That's a hell of a way for an able seaman to put rounding on a back-stay."

"I'm not an able seaman, sir. I knew someone would discover it and my knees have been knocking together ever since we left port, sir, for fear I'd fall like Big John and break my blooming neck, sir. I'm Barney Magee, sir, the champion welter-weight fighter of England, sir, and I was shanghaied by 'Three-finger Daily' the night of the benefit given me by my sporting friends in Platt's Hall, 'Frisco, to raise money to pay my way back to Liverpool, sir, as I was dead broke—the fighting game being on the fritz in this blooming country just now, sir."

That he spoke the truth could not be denied, as his looks proved it. His starboard ear was cauliflowered and spread out on the side of his head, his nose was twisted athwartships and his face was an exact reproduction of a terra-cotta bulldog.

To prove his assertion he reached into his blouse and drew forth a half-sheet display poster, across the top of which, printed in large glaring red letters, was the announcement that Barney Magee, the champion welter-weight of England, would be tendered a farewell benefit by his numerous friends and admirers in Platt's Hall prior to his departure for Liverpool. Then, in smaller type, a list descriptive of the various bouts, which included the names of practically every boxer or fighter of prominence in the city, and wound up with the announcement that the benefit was to be given under the personal management of Mr.

Tim Daily, one of the best known sport promoters on the coast.

As I returned to him the only remaining souvenir of his departed glory he had left, he folded it up very carefully, and while replacing it in his shirt, remarked: "You see, it was like this, sir. After the show, Timmy, Harry Maynard and myself counted up the receipts, and after deducting the expense found we were about seventy-five pounds to the good.

"I then tipped the boys who had helped me out to a quid apiece for their services, and Timmy he hands me twenty quids and suggests that I blow the managers to a farewell dinner at the 'Poodle Dog,' and he would keep the forty quids for me until I was going away the next afternoon for fear I would lose it.

"It was half-past twelve, sir, when we three entered the restaurant and half-past three in the morning when the last of my twenty quids slid over the bar of a saloon down on a place called the 'Barbary Coast,' sir. Perhaps you know the place yourself, sir. Well, sir, I must admit that I was what you blooming Yankees call pretty well soused, sir. And Timmy, he says, 'Barney, me boy, it's getting late and I have a crew to ship out at seven o'clock. Suppose you come down with me to Jackson's and put up for the night, and in the morning you can visit the old man and his two daughters while I'm away, and in the afternoon we'll all go down to the ferry to see you off.

"This talk sounded fair to me, so bidding good-bye to Maynard, we headed for Jackson's, where Timmy insisted that I use his room, as he would be busy getting his crew together for the seven-o'clock trip. I threw myself, clothes and all, on the bed. It seemed as though I had just fallen asleep, but it was really two hours later, when a sudden bump as I struck the floor caused me to open my eyes to find

Timmy and One-eyed Hickey, Jackson's bar-tender and official bouncer, standing over me roaring with laughter at the sign of me opening my blinkers as I lay sprawled out on the floor.

" ' If you call that one of your blooming Yankee jokes, Timmy,' I remarked, ' don't try it again or I may forget you are my friend, and hand you a couple of good wallops that would make your blooming mug into such a mush that you couldn't open your mouth to eat without cracking your face open. Now, the two of youse quit it and get out of here. I want sleep.'

" ' The hell you do,' says Timmy. ' You'll do no more sleeping here. Get up now and get your clothes off, as I have a nice new suit I bought you. The ship's waiting, Barney, me boy, and we've bought your ticket and have your clothes all packed, and the old man and the girls are waiting downstairs to kiss you good-bye.'

" ' Stop your kidding, Timmy, and get out. I'm tired. Hurry now, that's a decent chap; I'll see you when you come back.'

" At this they both roared, and as I struggled to my feet and once more dropped upon the bed, would you believe it, sir, damned if those two he-devils didn't fall upon me and strip every one of my togs clean off me body, and throwing an old pair of shoes, a pair of cheap cotton pants, a leather belt, a blue shirt and a faded sack coat on the bed, they told me to get busy and get into them, as I had been shipped as an able seaman, and the rest of the crew were getting tired of waiting for me, as it was time to go.

" ' W'at the 'ell, Timmy, you're chaffing, boy; now quit it.'

" ' Chaffing, am I, you cheap imitation of a lime-juice prize-fighter? Do you blooming Britishers think you can come over to this land of the free and by putting up a few cheap fake sparring exhibitions cop a bunch of our good

golden eagles and beat it back? You're off, Barney, me boy, a way off. It would break the heart of the old boys at Cork if they thought their little boy Timmy would stand for any such stuff as that. Now, quit your chewing and get into those togs.'

"As I made no move, the two of them fell on me and began to beat me up. I was that surprised, sir, and with the drink that had bemuddled me blooming head, sir, that I could put up but a poor scrap, and before I knows it, Timmy was dragging me down the stairs by my feet, while Hickey was pounding my head against each step and mugging my face into a mush. We reached the foot of the stairs all three locked together. I tried to make a quick breakaway for the door, sir, but Hickey hits me a clip with a blackjack, and when I opened me eyes I was in an express wagon with the old suit of togs hanging to my back and Timmy setting at my feet, while five other boys with their dunnage were piled all around me.

"As the wagon turned down the wharf I spied a bobby standing by the pier-head, and as I suddenly screamed 'Bloody murder,' he ran towards us, and I thought now, 'Barney, me boy, you'll get out of this,' and I began to tell him who I was and how I had been robbed and beaten up and was now being shanghaied.

"'Good-morning to you, Timmy,' he says, paying not the slightest attention to the awful howl I was raising. 'It's a hard bunch of youngsters you're shipping out this fine morning, and you'll be lucky if some of them don't upset your boat before you get across the bay.'

"Timmy and Hickey paused from their labour of loading the boys and dunnage into the boat just long enough to give the blooming bobby a couple of cigars, and with a parting wink they pushed off from the quay. What do you think of that? And me spilling my tale of woe to the empty air,

with the bobby laughing in my face; and they call this a free country, sir!

"As I seen my last chance for freedom go glimmering, I raised one last howl and leaned towards the shore side of the boat, when Timmy, pushing me back with a kick in the slats, remarked: 'Sit still, you damn fool, before you upset the boat.' And that's the condition you yourself seen us come aboard in, sir. And when he took us around behind the forward house just before the commissioners came on board, sir, he says, turning to me: 'Remember your name is John McDonald; you're just off an English ship and you're an able seaman, and every time the commissioners or officers speak to you, touch the peak of your cap and answer in a loud voice: "Aye, aye, sir." And if you let one squeak out of your crooked mouth about who you are, and get ordered ashore, I'll upset the boat on the way back and drown you like a rat in the middle of the bay.'

"And this to me that couldn't swim a stroke, sir. It broke me bleeding 'art, sir. The two devils then went through every one of us, turning our pockets inside out and all our chests and bags upside down, taking every blooming sixpence they could find. The only one thing of value they left me, and I had to beg for it with tears in my eyes, was me white corduroys with pearl buttons that I bought one Whitsunday a year ago when in London. And, Mr. Mate, if you'll only give me a fair chance to work on deck, or saw wood down in the fore-peak, and don't let them send me aloft at night, as I get dizzy and my legs go woozy and I'm afraid I'll fall, I'll give you me corduroys, and may God bless you all the days of your life, sir."

His was the same old, old story told over and over, but Barney Magee was so earnest in his pleadings and seemed so sincere in his promises that I told him I would talk the matter over with the captain, who would decide whether he

would shoot him, hang him at the yardarm or allow the crew to kill him as a punishment for the extra work he put upon them by shipping under a false rating, and that I would let him know the decision in the dog watch.

As he turned to obey my order to go forward and clean out the pig pen, the puzzled, anxious look on his face made it hard for me to keep my face straight and repress the laughter bubbling up within me and struggling to escape.

In the dog watch we told him that if he could get a watch mate to trade his look-out trick for his trick at the wheel until such times as he learned to reef and steer, we'd see that he was not sent aloft in the dark or above the main-yard in the day-time.

That this was a wise decision was evident on various occasions in broad daylight, when I heard his knees knock together as I stood on the deck and he was on the main-yard foot ropes. Once when the second mate ordered him to go over the futtock shrouds to the main-top, he actually sat down on deck and wept like a frightened child, and all the curses, threats, or cutting sarcasm heaped upon him by the officers, or the jibes and ridicule of his shipmates, could never enable him to overcome his fear of falling. That he was no coward and could take his punishment like a man was fully confirmed by the battered and distorted appearance of his face; that he was no bully was proved by the consideration he showed during the voyage to those who were his physical inferiors. And while by common consent he was acknowledged boss of both watches as far as fighting went, he never struck a man big or little, nor imposed upon them in any way, and when it came to hard work around the deck, he could perform twice as much as any other man, and he did it cheerfully and came up smiling.

Then why this great fear of going aloft? I give it up, Mr. Psychologist—what's the answer?

CHAPTER XVI

"Away Rio, away Rio,
So fare you well, my bonnie young girl;
We're bound for the Rio Grande."
Deep Sea Chanty.

THE weather conditions were perfect; day after day we went bowling along merrily over the placid green sea with every stitch of canvas bellowing out before the wind and looking like sheets of white fleecy clouds tied with strings at each corner to the spider-web netting of spars and rigging, struggling to break their bonds and float away to dot the blue sky overhead.

There was little to break the monotony except the passing of a school of large green turtles lying asleep on the smooth glassy surface of the sea, the rays of the hot tropical sun causing their wet backs to shine like polished green jade as they rose and fell with the undulating motion of each passing swell. Or, perhaps, the spouting of a whale off the weather beam, striving to cross our bow while pursued by a thrasher, or killer, as indicated by the short period between blows. And occasionally you could catch a view of the long, black, glistening body of the latter as it shot up into the air till the tip of its tail just cleared the water, to throw its massive body back again on to the surface of the sea with a noise like the thrashing of a stern-wheel steamer, disappearing in a shower of spray just at the spot where the whale was about to blow. This form of attack was continued until after awhile the white spouting of the whale began to be tinged with red, finally turning to a dark crimson, and the massive dead body rose to float on the surface.

Twenty days out and we were on the equator, working through the doldrums in good shape. Our deck tanks were running over with water; it was just one heavy shower after another, the rain coming down in torrents as though to hold up to scorn the usefulness of our water condenser snugly stowed away down in the lazarette. Too bad that it did not rain on our way out, when we needed it so much. Perhaps the Old Man or some unknown member of the crew had been praying for it on the quiet; and we know what results follow the prayers of the wicked.

One day, about three bells in the afternoon watch, all hands were thrown into a great commotion by hearing loud cries for help coming from over the bow.

Thinking that someone had fallen overboard, I ordered the wheelman to luff hard up and all hands to stand by to clew up the mainsail and back the main-yards. Then, grabbing the life-buoy, I sprang out into the mizzen channels ready to heave it to the poor fellow as he floated by.

The crew came tumbling on deck and the third mate and head sheet men reached the forecastle head with a rush. We were just about keeping steerage way, as the wind was light, but the victim failed to appear, although ample time had elapsed and the cries still came from the same direction.

I clambered in again just as the Old Man appeared on deck to inquire what all the rumpus was about. To add to the excitement the third mate and head sheet men seemed to have forgotten they were there to tend the head sheets and all were leaning out over the bow, and such shouts as "Soak him, Tony," "Hang on, old boy," "Bag him, kid, bag him," came floating aft to our ears, mingled with curses, loud laughter, and above them all the cries for help.

As the Old Man ordered the wheelsman to keep her full again I rushed for the forecastle head to see the cause of all

the excitement, and all of the crew came tumbling after. We were too late, for just as we reached the hog's-back, two of the headsmen appeared over the bow, holding between them the limp form of Antonio, his face bruised, swollen and covered with blood, but also overspread with a huge grin of happiness as he looked through his swollen eyes at the blood-soaked wheat sack that he was holding fast with both hands, inside of which some object was jumping and wriggling like a cat in a bag.

I found out that the boy, to while away a few idle moments and finish his smoke in peace, had clambered down to a small board platform lashed to the martingale chains just abaft the dolphin striker, attached to which we kept a collection of fishing gear, consisting of lines, hooks, a harpoon and a four-pronged grange, as he wanted to take a shot at a number of bonitas that were playing about just clear of the cutwater. He hadn't the slightest idea that he would hit one, as he had tried a great many times but had never been successful. Still, it was exciting sport. The fish always seemed to enjoy trying to see how near they could come to getting hit, and after drawing the shot they seemed to wiggle their tails at you as though in derision at your poor marksmanship. But this happened to be the boy's lucky day, for after fitting his grange to the shaft and clearing his line, his very first shot fixed the prongs tight into the back of a bonita, four feet long, that was just a second too slow in making his getaway.

It is quite some job for one man to land a fish of this size and drop him tail first into the mouth of an open wheat sack hanging near by, as Tony soon found out. He had just got the fish up to the sack and had but to lift him a few inches higher, for the tail to clear the open sack, when mister fish gave a sudden flap and wriggle that caused the boy to throw one arm around the dolphin striker in

order to keep his balance, and fearing the fish would get away, he clasped his other arm around it and hugged the fish tightly to his chest. When the fish in its struggle beat the boy on the shins with its tail and in the face with its head, the kid was forced to call for help.

It was a good husky fish to look at and the cook soon had it cleaned and ready for the chowder pot, but little did any of us surmise the subtle scheme of revenge that the fish had prepared for us. Our cook certainly could make good chowder, as was verified by the rapidity with which it disappeared both forward in the forecastle and aft in the cabin. The great surprise came about a half-hour afterwards, when all hands were attacked by a low fever, followed by the reddening of our faces and the swelling of our heads, and the demand for bicarbonate of soda was long and loud. It seemed that the cook in his hurry had neglected to test the fish for ptomaine poison, as was usual, by placing a silver coin in the pan to see if the coin turned black.

In forty-eight hours we all had fully recovered, but during that brief period the maledictions that were hurled at the cook, a really good-natured, big, fat, coloured man, caused him to lose his patience for a few moments, and, under the provocation of a particularly sharp-pointed invective, hurl his cleaver at one of the men, cutting him quite badly in the heel. His remorse for the act was so great that during the fore-part of the night we could hear his voice floating out through the window of his room in good old-fashion darky camp-meeting supplications to the Good Lawd to forgive him his sins, and put upon him once again the white robe of innocence befo' he embarked on de ferry to cross de Silver Stream.

Forty days out and we were in the roaring forties, fully prepared to combat with the gales and heavy seas that prevailed around Cape Horn. This time we were running

before them, not bucking against them, so that on our forty-fifth day out we had Cape York Minster on our port beam as we scudded before a brisk gale with squared yards carrying our main topgallant-sails till the sparks flew out of the sheeve-holes on the end of the upper topsail yard.

We passed three ships under reefed topsails, plugging and plunging into the heavy seas, as we had done for that trying three weeks on our outward voyage, and with this on our minds it was with a slight touch of sarcasm that we signalled them our best wishes for a quick passage.

Picking up the eastern end of Staten Land to verify our reckoning, and still carrying a fresh gale after us, we headed to the northward, running free, and were soon working our way through the stormy regions off the River Plate.

Once more we killed our pig, and as usual ran into the gale that was sure to follow, but we did not have any "Old Scotty" with us this trip to fill our minds with fear and dismay by his superstitious prophecies.

Well down under the Southern Cross we picked up our south-east trades and carried them strong to eight degrees south, reaching the doldrums on our seventieth day out. We worked our way through the light breezes and heavy thunderstorms, in which the rain poured down in torrents, so that with water-tanks filled to overflowing we folded up our rainsails and watched the fluid, for which on our outward passage we had prayed so hard and needed so badly, go flowing in rippling sheets out through the open scuppers. On our seventy-fifth day out we crossed the equator; certainly we were making some speed.

On our eighty-fifth day we were running smoothly along with strong trade winds, holding well to the eastward. In the afternoon watch all hands were busy scrubbing the white paint on the forward house with sand and canvas. The

second mate had a grouch on and was heckling the men as they worked and handing out a line of his choicest expletives, the softest words of which would melt the solder on the bottom of a mess tin.

Barney Magee, driven to the verge of despair by the particularly pointed remarks applied to him personally, lost his nerve for a moment, during which, unfortunately, he tripped over his bucket, and in his effort to keep from falling placed his hand on the second mate's shoulder. This was just the chance for which Donovan had been waiting. With a muttered oath he shot out a straight right flush to Barney's jaw, straightening him up until Barney stood on the tips of his toes but still retaining his balance. Then with head down and both hands working like the pistons on a duplex pump, the second mate rushed in to finish the man. But Providence intervened, for Barney, cool and collected, with a quick, sharp, left upper cut, forced Donovan's head up towards the sun and shot a straight right flush into his open face with such force that Donovan landed on his back on the deck with his bruised and battered countenance staring up at the sun.

Donovan's anger was now beyond control. To think that he, one of the greatest rough-and-tumble fighters of the age, should be so humiliated before the whole watch was too much for his Irish pride! As Barney stepped back in true prize-ring style, holding himself on guard against a sudden rush, Donovan staggered to his feet and like a flash grabbed hold of a heavy deck bucket partly filled with water and sand, and with a short swing brought it down with a crash plump on top of Barney's head, which sent him down in a crumpled heap for the full count.

"Now, you cheap Cockney prize-fighter," roared Donovan, glancing with contempt at the prostrate form lying on the deck, "you will assault an officer, will you, and

an Irishman at that? You dirty son of a scalpen, you know now who's the boss of the watch, don't you? Thought you was some fighter with your fancy ducking and side-stepping like a ballet dancer. Old Jerry may not have much science but he knows how to take care of such buckos as you, all right." And turning on his heel, the second mate headed aft for his room to repair the damages inflicted on his face, while trying to express disgust, pride and satisfaction all at the same time, but with poor success.

I must say that Barney showed the better sportsmanship of the two, for the first words he uttered as he regained consciousness after the boys had poured a couple of buckets of cold salt water down his spine were: "Sorry, old chap, deuced sorry to hit an old man out of me class, you know, but you pushed me to it, old boy. It's all right, sir, no hard feelings, I 'opes." And stretching his arms and blinking his eyes, he picked up his bucket and nonchalantly went on with his work; to him the whole affair was closed.

Not so with poor Jerry; he took it hard, and for the balance of the voyage he nursed his grudge and made life miserable for Barney.

It was just eight bells, or four o'clock in the morning of our ninety-ninth day out, when we picked up Cape Clear Light, on the southern end of the Irish coast, amidst great rejoicing by all hands—the crew rejoicing because the voyage was nearly ended, and the Old Man rejoicing because of the quick passage and the saving in time and money.

At daybreak we were heading up St. George Channel close in towards the Irish coast, and just as eight bells struck in the morning watch Kinsale Head was abeam. It was one of those rare sunshiny mornings seldom seen in the Irish Sea. The air was sharp and clear and the tips of the waves on the short, choppy channel seas were picked up

by the brisk breezes and whipped into white sprays shining like a silver shower in the bright sunlight as it scattered over the surface.

The Anchor Line steamer *Helvetia*, bound in from New York to Liverpool, was steaming up-channel, running parallel to us not over two hundred yards away on our starboard beam. At the sound of the last tap of the bell, our big dress ensign, which had been hoisted up in stops to the end of the monkey gaff, was broken out, and as its graceful folds snapped and fluttered in the brisk morning breeze, its beauty was enhanced by the radiant sun.

There came rolling across the water to us from the *Helvetia* the roaring of three such lusty American cheers that all hands suddenly paused to cast their eyes in her direction to ascertain the cause of the commotion. To our surprise, we discovered that the whole length of her port rail was crowded with men, women and children frantically waving hats, coats, shawls, small American flags and even table napkins, while on the after promenade deck some of the people were dancing and throwing hats up in the air, and waving in our direction what looked like bottles of champagne, as an invitation for us to join them. Then would come stealing across the water to our listening ears the words of that ever-glorious anthem, "The Star-spangled Banner." We dipped Old Glory in salute, and gathering all hands on the forecastle head, we thundered back to them, from the throats of twenty-four husky sailors, three of the most hearty rousing cheers it has ever been my good luck to hear.

Upon arriving at port we heard that the majority of the passengers of the *Helvetia* were American tourists bound for the Paris Exposition.

Off Tuskar Light we picked up a tug, and crossing the Mersey bar we arrived on flood tide at the gates of the

Waterloo Dock, passing through in just one hundred days from the day we left San Francisco. The gates had hardly closed behind us, when one by one the crew clambered out on to the sea wall with their dunnage over their backs and disappeared up the quay in the direction of Waterloo Road. We cursed, threatened and shouted at them for deserting, as we were compelled to do under the rules of the American shipping laws. But we would have been awfully disappointed if they had not deserted.

Our hauling lines were taken to the hydraulic capstans stationed along the quays, and with the help of the apprentices, carpenter, steward and cook we were soon moored snugly at a quay berth and ready to begin unloading the next morning.

CHAPTER XVII

"I say, Old Man, it is a sin,
Whisky, Johnny,
To make us work without some gin,
Whisky for my Johnny."

Deep Sea Chanty.

THE first night in port the second mate drifted up town and at daybreak made his appearance at the dock gate fighting drunk, and started in at once to chew up the watchman and a couple of bobbies, but he soon came to grief. The bobbies were very nice about it, and instead of carting him off to the Bridewell and locking him up, they brought him down to the ship, and upon the advice of the Old Man put him in the deserted forecastle and left him there to sleep off his overload of mixed drinks.

In the evening, having partly sobered up, he came rolling aft to the cabin with an uneven gait as though ballasted with sand in one pocket and cobblestones in the other, and in a loud voice demanded the advance of more money from the captain. Then and there poor Jerry ran into an awful collision, for when he regained his scattered senses he was sitting on the quay wall with his bag and chest beside him.

The Old Man treated him white, however, and sent me down to give him a few pounds and the promise that if he would sober up and meet me at Sullivan's Hotel the next evening, I would bring him the balance of the money due to him and enter him on the ship's papers as a deserter, but under no condition would the captain take him back on shipboard.

I felt rather sorry for poor old Jerry, for certainly he

was one of the best second mates with whom I had ever been a shipmate, and it was quite a disappointment to me to see him fall down so hard and soon in Liverpool when he had stood the gaff so well in 'Frisco.

And right here just note how indiscernible and mysterious are the cruel workings of Fate. Some two weeks later an old chum of mine, Johnny Fitz, hailing from Portland, Maine, was promoted from mate to commander of the *St. John Smith*, an American ship loading coal for Rio Janeiro, and being in need of a second mate, I induced him to ship poor Jerry, who by this time was dead broke financially and therefore forced to be sober.

Early the following Sunday morning I went over to Birkenhead to say good-bye to Captain Johnny Fitz and wish him good luck on his first voyage as master. When I arrived, the ship had been hauled down the West Float to the outer quay, where she was waiting with numerous other vessels for the opening of the gates at flood tide. In a few moments the signal was given, the heavy gates swung open, the towing hawser was passed to the waiting tug, and bidding good-bye to Captain Fitz and Jerry, I climbed over the side to the quay.

As the ship glided out into the channel and swung bow down the river under the strain of the tightening hawser, Captain Johnny stood on the quarter-deck waving his hand in a parting salute, and old Jerry stood on the fore-castle head waving his cap.

Once more the gates swung to, and as I recrossed the river on the ferry, the *St. John Smith* was gradually enveloped in the grey smoky atmosphere out towards the river bar and disappeared from view.

"To never return, to never return,
She sailed out to the sea;
All clothed in white to a phantom world
Where weary souls are free."

That afternoon at half-past four o'clock, just off Tuskar Light, the tug cast off the towing hawser, and blowing three sharp blasts of whistle as a parting salute to the ship, now under full sail, turned her nose back towards the bar and home. And from that minute up to the present time not a single sign or token has ever been received that would in any way throw light upon the fate of the *St. John Smith*.

Whether she was struck aback when well out on her voyage and forced on her beam ends so that the cargo shifted and the hatches burst, admitting a flood of water, or whether she took fire and was burned, the crew perishing from hunger and thirst in the open boats upon the open sea, will never be known. But my fancy would much prefer to think that darkness closed in around her on her first night out and blotted her from view.

Her position would have been just a bit south from the Connibeg Lightship, about off Youghal, old Jerry's home. Let us hope that it was here, for his sake, and that the mermaid, to whom he so often referred when giving rein to his superstitious imagination, wrapped his body tenderly in masses of long green sea-grass and laid him to rest in some quiet cove at the bottom of the sea near the coast of the land from which he sprang and which he loved so well.

How possible it was to be a "ship that never returned," recalls to my mind an experience which I had when mate of the *St. Nicholas*. We were just forty-eight hours out from New York, when we ran into the Gulf Stream and were quickly enveloped in a series of calms and heavy thunderstorms that always can be found in that particular region.

One evening, just as darkness began to close around us, a heavy black squall came rushing down out of the west.

The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed with such force as to charge the air so strongly with electricity that it ran in streaks along the iron jack-stays on the yards and formed balls of fire on the iron bands of the yard's arms; at times it exploded with terrific force and sent dazzling streaks of blinding light out across the sky, intensifying the darkness about us, and so destroying our vision that it seemed as though we were heading straight into a perfect reproduction of Dante's description of the "Inferno."

I ordered all the light sails clewed up, and had all hands standing by ready for any emergency that might arise. But this particular squall was rather a disappointment, for whereas its rapid approach, the darkness of the clouds and the heavy thunder gave every indication that it was accompanied by a strong wind, it passed over us and disappeared to the eastward with a breeze only a trifle stronger than that of a light squall we had had a few hours before.

Just before the watch was relieved I had the three royals furled and the light staysails hauled down. When the second mate relieved me at eight bells, I called his attention to the furled royals and stated it was my opinion that the squalls would come in heavier and shift quicker now that darkness had set in. I left the ship in his charge and turned in. About fifteen minutes later the voice of the captain, in conversation with the second mate as they paced the quarter-deck, came drifting through the open window to my ears, as he remarked: "Who took the royals in, sir?"

"The mate, just before he went below; said he thought the squalls were coming heavier, sir."

"Have them reset at once, sir; I'm afraid he's rather timid about carrying sail at night. We can't make a quick passage without carrying sail." And the slamming sound of the after cabin door denoted his return below.

The sound of the sheeting home of the royals and running

up the staysails was still in my ears as I dropped off to sleep, to be awakened later by the shock I received as I landed on the floor of my room from the sudden lurching of the ship as she was struck flat aback by a shifting squall.

Without waiting to dress, I sprang out on deck in the total darkness and groped my way towards the quarter-deck just in time to run into the captain, rushing forward in a state of great excitement, an axe in his hand, chopping all the halliards as he made his way towards the forecastle head.

It was not necessary to call all hands, as every mother's son of them, like myself, had been fully awakened by the ship's lurch and came scrambling out on deck to pause for a moment in fear and bewilderment upon discovering our critical condition.

Head sheets were let go by the run, and all the lower courses clewed up, but in spite of all the halliards being cut, the force of the wind kept the sails so tightly bound against the masts that not a yard came down more than the few inches dropped when the halliards were first cut.

Making my way aft to the helmsman, I joined him in heaving his wheel first hard down and then up, but the ship's head hardly shifted a degree either way, but slowly and surely we kept heeling over gradually, inch by inch, on our beam ends.

With a worried look the captain joined us to stare with straining eyes through the hole in the compass hood, hoping that she might pay off or come to just far enough to shiver the sails and release the yards, thereby avoiding our last resource of cutting all weather rigging, and by sending the masts over the side, right the ship before the cargo shifted and burst the hatches, which would mean sure destruction.

In our anxiety the few minutes spent in watching the compass seemed hours. The captain had just given the order to stand by to cut away the rigging, and I had just sprung down the steps leading to the main deck to pass the order along, when suddenly the wind died down; the flattened sails fluttered for just a second as the yards came rushing down with a crash, and the ship trembled as once more she assumed an upright position. Then the rain came pouring down in torrents, while the sound of the rolling thunder grew fainter and fainter as the dark storm cloud passed off to the eastward, leaving us rolling lazily in the inky darkness. The diminishing lightning occasionally cast a sickly glow of pale phosphorescent light on our white flapping sails and the wreckage overhead, creating outlines that looked like a white phantom ship sailing on a darkened sky.

Let us suppose for a moment that Divine Providence had willed that the wind should hold strong for just a few more minutes—what then? This: the shifting cargo would burst the hatches and the rushing waters would quickly fill the hold; a loud explosion as the entering waters compressed the confined air, making it force open all the deck seams; a final effort of the ship as she struggled to regain her even keel, and a mighty heave as she trembled and shook in a last desperate attempt to escape from her impending fate. Then falling yards and the sound of breaking spars and smashing woodwork as she disappears beneath the waves—leaving in the darkness on the surface of the sea a few scattered hatch covers, broken spars, deck gratings and chicken coops, with small black objects clinging to them in despair, who one by one, as they are tossed and battered about by the passing waves, disappear into the sea. Then the bright rays of a full moon would shine coldly through a rift in the cloud, and cast a wake of silver light

over the rippling waters, which would be dotted here and there with small pieces of abandoned wreckage—all that would be left of what only a few short hours before was a thing of life and beauty. But of that end no man would know, for the moon can't speak.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Oh, yes, I've got a packet ship,
And she's ready for sea;
Haul away, my bully boys,
We're all bound to go!"

Deep Sea Chanty.

In about three weeks from the day of our arrival at Liverpool, our cargo of wheat was discharged and we had taken on enough freight, consisting of large casks of whiting and sack salt, with scrap-iron in the hold, to put us in proper ballast and down to sufficient draught to stand up under any stress of weather that we might experience on our run across the western ocean to New York and home.

We shipped a crew of runners for the voyage, and at daybreak we hauled to the outer basin to await the opening of the gates of flood tide and to pick up our tug, which would tow us out over the bar and usually down channel as far as Tuskar Light, where we would make all sail and under our own headway stand down for Cape Clear.

A crew of runners is one of the most motley collections of human beings imaginable. At times it would consist of broken-down mates, second mates, engineers, boiler-makers, beachcombers, and almost anything in the shape of a man, even to former captains who through misfortune, but mostly through drink, had become derelicts along the water-front and were willing to make the run across for ten dollars each, whether the voyage was one month or two months, so long as they got to New York.

No questions were asked nor answered on either side before shipping. The captain respected their wish to keep to themselves any cause or reason they might have for their present deplorable condition, and they on their part were always ready to give their best service in return.

As to nationalities, there were Irish, Scotch, English, Dutch, Finns, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, Malays, Lascars, Italians, French and Africans, and occasionally an American. They all travelled light, the sum-total of each man's outfit consisting of the clothes he wore when coming aboard, and the most lavish could wrap all his earthly possessions in a pocket-handkerchief and still have plenty of room for anything worth taking that he might pick up on his way across. And they never let a chance to pick go by.

This was the only class of seafaring men that the boarding masters left entirely alone, and they feared them like the small-pox, for these men had nothing to lose and always were ready to avail themselves of any chance to gain, whether it was a meal, a night's lodging, a drink or a plug of tobacco. I have seen some of them cross in the dead of winter without oilskins, rubber boots, underclothes or stockings. And how they survived and were able to keep going in the cold, biting winds and bitter, shivering fogs on the banks was always a mystery to me.

One day as I was about to throw over the side a half-dozen pairs of heavy woollen socks, the heels and toes of which were completely gone, one of these gentry passing by on his way from the wheel remarked: "Please, Mr. Mate, will you give them to me, sir?"

"They are no good; the heels and toes are all gone," I answered.

"I know, sir, but my heels and toes never get cold, sir."

He got the socks. I could not bear to cast a cloud on such optimism.

I gave a pair of trousers and a heavy flannel shirt to another one who had stood his trick at the wheel for two hours in a cold, biting wind, his flesh blue and his knees knocking together as his legs shivered; his thanks were profuse. A few days later as once more he stood at the wheel I happened to notice some vermin crawling on the collar. When I called his attention to the matter, he answered with a broad smile: "Yeh, they must have been on them when you gave them to me, sir."

We dropped our tug off Tuskar Light and headed down the channel with all sails set, running two points free before a strong westerly wind. Passing Cape Clear, from which point we took our departure, we hauled sharp up on the wind and began our thrash to the westward.

We took the northern passage across, meeting with fairly good leads of wind and weather, and at daybreak on our twenty-eighth day out we picked up Montauk Point Light. As darkness closed in that evening we sighted Fire Island, and our flare was soon answered by a pilot boat some miles off to the southward.

In a few hours we had our pilot on board, and under his orders we stood on and off during the night awaiting daylight. As day dawned we stood in for the harbour, soon picking up Sandy Hook Lightship, and a little further on one of the Early Bird tugs quickly took our hawser. At six bells, or ten o'clock, we were passing Sandy Hook Point with all hands busy unbending and sending down sails, and getting out our gangways, mooring chains and fenders to be all ready for docking.

Once again we were passing up the south-west spit and off Swinborne Island. The Quarantine and Custom House officers boarded us and looked the crew over as

we passed along the Staten Island shore, and we anchored off Bedloes Island, not over a hundred fathoms from where we had weighed our anchor, outward bound, just three hundred and fifty-three days before—and our voyage was now ended.

During my eleven years at sea in both sail and steam, I sailed in all sorts of vessels, from a fourteen-foot sharpy to a full-rigged ship. I served on hard ships and on easy ships, on good feeders and on bad feeders, and under masters having good reputations and those having bad reputations. And now, in looking back over that period and summarizing my impressions, I am quite surprised to find that the hard ships and the captains with hard reputations appealed to me more favourably than the easy ones. With the latter, while brutality and blasphemy were frowned upon, there were always so many small disagreeable incidents, in the way of criticism and fault-finding, that one's nerves were in a perpetual state of irritation. It seemed as though the good Lord allowed the master to take this way of working off attacks of dyspepsia, so as to get the bile out of his system, rather than by physical exertion.

I recall one particular captain of this type, who stated as an excuse for the lack of the usual supply of cakes, pies and puddings in the cabin mess, that he was very bilious and could not bear the smell of the grease used in their preparation, but I noticed that when in port he was always fishing for invitations to dine on other ships, particularly on those having the reputation of being good feeders.

His reasons may have had some foundation, and I always gave them preference over any suggestions of penuriousness that would at times arise, although it was this latter weakness which brought about the row which

ended in my suddenly packing my chest and chasing myself ashore.

It came about in this way. We were discharging the last of our cargo in the port of Valparaiso, Chile, where the ship's crew was used entirely for this purpose, and were nearly ready to take on ballast to carry us up to Pisagua, where we were to load nitrate for Hampton Roads for orders. I had three of the crew in irons for refusing to work unless they were served with better grub, as the captain was still feeding them on deep-sea fare, although fresh vegetables and provisions were abundant and cheap. I kept the rest of the crew plugging on only by promises of improvement, which the captain would invariably break each day.

I really felt ashamed of the food doled out to them and made no secret of my feelings. The cabin fare was but little better; occasionally we did get a small piece of fresh beef and a few quarts of potatoes, which the Old Man would bring aboard personally, like an old woman shopping for a family of two instead of a ship's company, and then he would hastily excuse himself and be rowed away to have dinner and spend his evenings aboard some other ship.

The climax finally came one evening at dinner-time. On that particular morning just as the captain was about to board the ship's boat and be rowed ashore, where he usually spent the day, a fisherman's boat loaded with horse mackerel passed close by. This fish was very plentiful in the adjacent waters, but the flesh was so coarse and fibrous that even the natives passed them up, so far as using them for food, unless they happened to be particularly hard pressed, so the fish were used mostly for the small amount of oil that might be squeezed out of them and the remnants were used for fertilizing purposes.

With a look of benevolent happiness in his eye, the captain hailed the fisherman, and when the boat came alongside the gangway, after considerable parleying he purchased one of the smallest fish of the lot for the magnificent sum of "dos cinquo centavos," or twenty-five cents, and with a broad smile he carried the fish in triumph to the galley and turned it over to the Chinese steward. As he returned to enter the ship's boat, he remarked in passing: "We'll have a good dinner to-night, sir; I'll bring off some potatoes, they'll go fine with baked fish."

The expression on his face was so full of benevolence and happiness that I could not help smiling.

At six o'clock that evening, when the day's work was finished and everything was tidied up for the night, all hands washed up and made ready for chow. As the captain failed to make his appearance at half-past six, I ordered the steward to serve dinner. Seated at the cabin table with the second mate opposite me, we made quick work of the soup and then waited a moment for the steward to bring the rest of the meal. In a few moments he appeared with the contents of his basket carefully concealed by a clean white napkin, and gliding silently into the pantry, soon reappeared and deposited on the table a platter containing four thick slices of salt beef, prettily garnished by scallops of green cabbage leaves, and two small potatoes boiled with the jackets on. The service was all right, but, ye gods, what a meal to set before two full-grown hungry men!

"Where's that baked horse mackerel, steward?"

"No can hab, capit-tan no com-ee, he speak—me, no catch-ee h'lorse macke-rl."

"You slant-eyed son of Confucius, if you don't want to go over the side to make food for the other horse

mackerel around here, you bring that fish aft at once; get a hustle on now. Fide goloo chop, chop."

He made no move, but with one of those smiles so childlike and bland referred to in Bill Nye's poem of "Ah Sin," replied: "Me no sabé, no can catchee cap-it-tan, he makes muchee-bubbery-wat-ting, no can do."

As I suddenly arose from the table and started towards him, he made a wild dash for the cabin door. There was a violent collision and the form of the Chinaman was sent catapulting out on to the deck with such force that the loosened queue, that had been coiled around the crown of his head, floated out behind him like a homeward-bound pennant on a man-of-war.

My craving for nice baked horse mackerel and boiled potatoes had disappeared. Ordering the two dinghy boys to man the boat and bring her to the gangway, I went to my room and in disgust quickly packed my chest and had it put in the boat, and placing the ship in charge of the second mate, I bade him good-bye and was quickly rowed ashore.

As I was negotiating with a peon on the landing mole to get my chest carried to a hotel, the captain appeared in company with several others on their way to the ships' boats to board their vessels for the night. He certainly was surprised to see me, and more so to see my sea chest being carried up the mole on the back of a stalwart peon.

In language forcible and direct to the point, I told him how and why I had made my sudden decision, and then had a twinge of conscience as I noted the troubled and dejected look on his face as he entered the boat and was rowed out in the gathering gloom towards his ship, which was anchored in the outer tier in the bay.

And once more see how that mysterious hand of Fate follows one's footsteps!

About a week later the ship sailed for Pisagua, loaded her cargo of nitrate and sailed for Hampton Roads for orders. And from the day she sailed to the present time she was never spoken nor heard from—another ship that "passed in the night." Therefore, in this particular case, a common little horse mackerel proved it was useful for other purposes than food and fertilizer—as a mascot.

CHAPTER XIX

"What do you think we had for supper?
Blow, boys, blow;
'Twas bullocks' livers fried in butter,
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!"

Deep Sea Chanty.

For some time the owners had promised me a master's position on one of the smaller vessels of the fleet, and failing to secure the appointment, in a fit of peevishness I left the *Continental* and "went on the beach"; in other words, I was looking for a job on some other line of clippers.

It so happened that in this way I made the acquaintance of the notorious "Cut-throat Lawrence," and shipped with him as mate on the old packet ship *Arctic*, on the last voyage she made prior to leaving her rotten timbers to bleach under the Southern Cross in the South Pacific Ocean.

The appellation "Cut-throat," applied to him, was really not so bad as it sounds. Its origin was a scar stretching across his throat from ear to ear, which he received when he was mate on a Galveston cotton packet, at that time under the command of Bully Brown. Bully Brown was renowned from coast to coast for his inhuman act of marooning, while in a fit of ungovernable temper, his son and wife on a barren island in the Pacific Ocean.

It had always been Brown's boast that no mate ever had moral courage enough to make more than one voyage with him, and his overbearing and tyrannical temper was his greatest personal pride. So, one day, while his ship was at Baltimore waiting for orders and his mate had deserted him,

some of the mates on the beach at that time dared Lawrence to ship, and even went so far as to wager quite a sum of money that he could not make the round trip to Liverpool and back.

"Put up your money," said Rube, and he shipped.

The result was that owing to superior nerve and physical abilities he out-bullied Brown at his own game, so one dark night when all hands were jambed in the port alley-way hauling on the main braces, a fight, which had been arranged by the captain, was started by some of the men, and when Lawrence waded in to see what the trouble was, he was set upon in the dark by all hands and badly beaten up. To make the job complete, someone drew a sheath knife across his throat, just missing the jugular vein, and they left him lying there unconscious, to be found later by the steward, who carried him to his room, and during the balance of the voyage nursed him back to health.

The captain never went near Lawrence's room during the entire period, but each day he would take great pleasure in promenading the quarter-deck by the open window, and in a loud voice proclaim his pleasure at the beating up Lawrence had received and would wind up by saying: "It's too damned bad they didn't cut a bit deeper."

Great was Brown's surprise when, upon their arrival in port, Lawrence did not immediately pack his kit and go ashore with the crew, as had been the habit of his previous mates. He stood it for a few hours, and seeing no signs of packing, approached the mate's door and in a sarcastic voice inquired if he was not strong enough to pack his kit or did he need help. He was chagrined when Lawrence informed him that he hadn't the slightest idea of going ashore; that he really liked the old packet so damned well he had decided to remain by her until she returned to the States, and also intended on the way home to keep himself in good

physical condition by having an hour's practice each day in the dog watch with the gloves, and finished up by stating that the only set he could get was four ounces, and as the Old Man was to be his sparing partner, if he wanted anything a bit heavier he had better get them before they sailed.

Brown now became really worried and tried by threats and various other ways to get rid of Lawrence, but in vain, he stuck like a leech and sailed back in the ship to Baltimore, and claimed and received his wager; but the things he did to Brown on that voyage home would not sound well described in print. Whenever Lawrence spoke of them, the look of joy and satisfaction that overspread his countenance left but little doubt that his revenge was full and sweet.

At the period of which I am writing, South Street, particularly from Pier 11 to Pier 19, was agog with gossip because of the sudden appearance at Pier 19 of the old discarded packet ship *Arctic*, which for years had lain dismantled in the graveyard over in the Erie Basin.

It seems she had been purchased for a song by a firm of Boston ship-brokers. They had put a new mainmast in her, strengthened her bows with several heavy pointers in the fore-peak and between decks; stiffened her transom frames by bracing, and then had given her a coat of coal tar on the outside to cover up her decayed planking. They chartered her to load for San Francisco, and even induced merchants to ship cargo in her, and, to add to the climax, induced the underwriters to insure both the cargo and the ship. Her appearance was the joke of the street, and betting odds were five to one that she would never complete the voyage.

The usual gang of mates was gathered one afternoon in the doorway of Orin Nickerson's outfitting store, criticizing and discussing the big old-fashioned fiddle-head bow of the

Arctic extending out over the street, and with her large square stern making such a contrast with the clean-cut lines of the other ships across the pier, when Blue-nose Robinson, who had joined her as mate a few days before, strolled over and joined them.

"Say, boys," said Blue-nose, "if any of you chaps are looking to ship on a nice clean A1 California clipper, now's your chance, as I just told the Old Man I had received a letter from my mother advising me to come home at once if I wished to avoid trouble, and I would like to be relieved. Why, when I was holding the hawsing iron for Chips to caulk in the side ports of the old packet, every time I drew it out, the wood ends would come crumbling out with it. So I says to myself, 'Robbie, this is no ship for an honest fisherman's son to sail in,' and putting on my best go-ashore clothes, I beat it up the wharf with the Old Man standing at the gangway with tears in his eyes as he bid me good-bye, and handing out a line of talk so hot that it would melt the pitch in the deck seams."

We all followed Robinson inside, and soon he was the centre of an interesting group of listeners as he loudly expatiated on all the shortcomings of the ship and the peculiar eccentricities of her skipper. Naturally, this started a controversy among the crowd that was made up of such well-known mates as "Glass-eye Mitchell," "Big Lou Holmes," "One-eyed Wilson," "Fatty Storms," "Dinky Bunker," "Long Hen Toque," "Bull-dog Penfield," and others of lesser light, who argued the pros and cons with a subtle skill that would have received the commendation of a Supreme Court Judge at a murder trial, barring the language.

The next morning at ten, after finishing my usual walk along the deep-sea mates' Rialto, I dropped in at Nickerson's, where the boys usually foregathered to straighten out

the many difficult problems that arose each twenty-four hours and threatened to exterminate our mercantile marine. I was surprised when Nickerson told me that Captain Lawrence had been in earlier in the morning inquiring for me and had left word for me to meet him at the ship at two o'clock that afternoon.

When Bull-dog Penfield heard this, he broke out in roars of wild hilarious laughter, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, inquired if I had any intention of returning the Old Man's call. When informed that I would, he was once more so convulsed with laughter that he could hardly get wind enough to ejaculate that the Old Man only wanted me to " play tag with in the dog watches."

Promptly at two o'clock I strolled across the street and sauntered jauntily down the wharf, casually casting my eyes along the ship's sides as I passed, and noting the wood end around the side ports, of which Robinson spoke, showing plainly even now through the coat of newly-administered coal tar.

Mounting the rickety gangway I made my way aft to the quarter-deck, where I had observed the husky form of the noted captain walking with short, quick steps from rail to rail. As I approached him, he paused for a moment and silently looked me over from head to foot with what seemed to me a look of utter disgust as he sized up my physical attributes. Then with a peculiar drooping of his left eyelid, his face broke into a smile as he inquired : " Well, young man, what can I do for you ? "

Mentioning my name, I answered that Nickerson had informed me that he wanted to see me.

" Hell ! " he blurted out (his six feet two and two hundred and twenty pounds glaring down on my five feet seven and one hundred and sixty-five pounds). " Are you a mate ? God must have been short of bone and muscle when he

turned you out." And leaving me standing there angry and confused, he turned and took another spin across the deck.

I began to think I had made a mistake in even calling on him, and full of anger and indignation, and with injured pride, I was about to express my opinion of him personally and his rotten old ship in particular (but not before I was safe at the head of the gangway), when suddenly he wheeled and with the most gracious of smiles remarked: "Now, keep your temper, young fellow, and come over here and sit down. I must admit that after what I had heard about your being so long with such a man as 'Old Square-head Clark,' I was awfully disappointed in not seeing a heavier man; but if you were able to please him, why, you must be good for something or he wouldn't have kept you. Here, have a cigar and let's get down to business. I want a mate, and I want him damned bad and quick too. No doubt you've looked this fine old ship over, and no doubt Robinson has told you how rotten she is and Bull-dog Penfield has told you what a terrible villain I am, but I bet he never told you how I brought him home in a chicken coop and the reasons I had for doing it, did he?"

I told him what Penfield had said about that game of tag in the dog watch, which seemed to amuse the Old Man greatly.

"Well, to get down to business now, young man, you must have some nerve or you wouldn't come down here. Robinson is a much bigger man than you, but he has a streak of yellow in him to quit cold as he did, giving me as an excuse that he had a wife and family depending on him. Why in hell didn't he remember it before he shipped? Have you got nerve enough to sign up with me, and if so what wages do you want and how soon can you get your dunnage aboard?"

"I'll sign all right at top wages with privileges of shakings and slush money as a bonus, and I can get my dunnage aboard by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I figure that you're a bigger man than I and think fully as much of your life as I do, and I'll have this advantage over you in case of a wreck or abandonment, that I'll take up less space than you in a crowded boat and can float on a lighter spar."

"That's the talk, young man; damned if I don't begin to think that you and I will get along fine together. Top wages, shakings and slush money go, and if the voyage turns out as prosperous as I anticipate, you'll get something additional in the way of a little envelope besides. Now hustle and get your chest aboard, for we're nearly ready to sail." And clasping my hand with a vice-like grip, he half pushed, half led me towards the companion-way, and with a parting grin turned and entered the cabin.

At ten o'clock, sharp, next morning, my chest was hoisted over the side, soon unpacked and my room put in order. Then I made a hurried dash to the United States Shipping Commissioners' office, where articles were quickly signed, and by twelve o'clock, noon, I went in to dinner as mate of one of the most dilapidated old packet ships that ever floated on the seas—the joke and butt of the water-front, with the odds on as favourite for sure destruction.

Now that the die was cast, I was quite surprised to realize that the unknown adventure I was about to undertake began to appeal to me very strongly, and gave me a feeling akin to joy and pride as I tried to visualize just what the end would be.

A few days later we finished loading, the riggers bent our sails, Chips caulked down the hatches and bright and early in the morning we were ready for sea. A couple of express wagons drove down the wharf loaded with as villainous a looking group of sailors as ever was gathered

along a water-front. It must have cost the Old Man a pretty heavy bonus to obtain them, as his reputation, as well as that of his ship, had been fully aired in every sailors' boarding house in the district.

The men were soon hustled on board, lined up for inspection, signed for without question, and quickly passing our towing hawser to a big tug-boat, we were whipped out into the stream and headed down the bay; and by the time the regulars met at their daily gathering-place in Nickerson's back room to plot out a course that would lead to our destruction, we were well out to sea.

It was the usual custom for all ships, while receiving cargo and having no crew on board, to have a gang of the stevedores' men pump them out each night before quitting work. On my first night on board I had called the captain's attention to their neglecting to do so, and he informed me that he, personally, ordered the pumping omitted. "Why, my dear sir, we only came out of dry dock three weeks ago, after being recaulked and coppered, and she's as tight and dry as the Desert of Sahara."

I had noticed Chips each morning and evening (as was the usual custom on all ships) take his soundings and go aft to report them to the Old Man.

And now when the captain stood up straight and, looking me square in the eyes, announced that she was as tight as a whisky barrel, he knew full well that he was lying and so did I, for I had seen the wet water mark on the sounding rod show over eighteen inches the first night I joined the ship.

We were soon off Sandy Hook Lightship, and discharging our pilot we set all sail and with a whole-sail breeze stood out to sea.

All day long we worked tidying up ship, stowing away our shore fixtures and making everything snug alow and aloft, and by the first dog watch we were ready to choose

watches. This was quickly accomplished, and sending one watch below the other was ordered to pump ship.

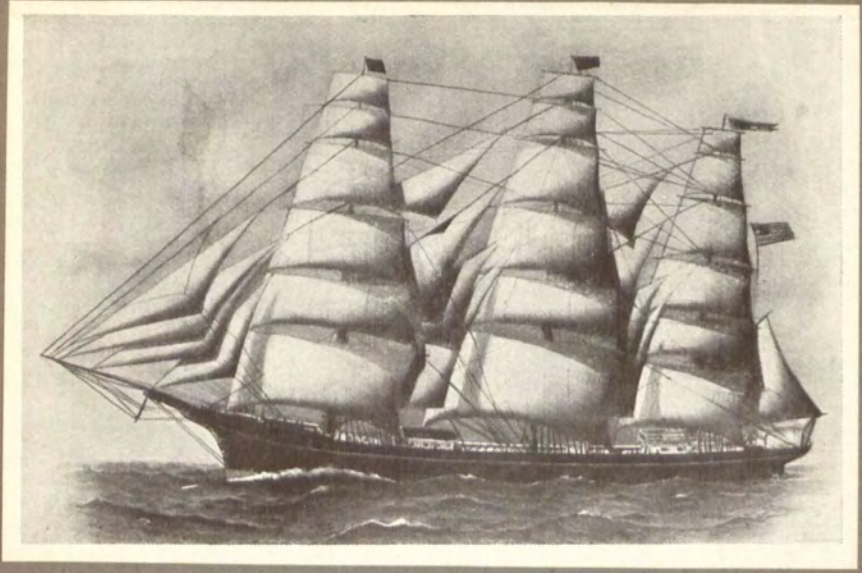
The boys manned the pump ropes with a whoop and started in at a merry clip to spin the wheel around, expecting, as usual, that at the most in about fifteen minutes they would hear the welcome order: "Avast pumping," and they would be through work for the day. But, alas! they were doomed to meet with bitter disappointment, for they pumped steadily until four bells, when Chips sounded the well and reported two feet four inches.

The next watch took up the job where the weary retiring watch left off, but the vim of their first attack lacked the snap and energy of their predecessors. And the worried expression on their faces announced only too plainly that already they were aware of the fact that there would be more pumping than sailing right from the start, and while anticipating that this might be so when shipping, they hardly expected it so soon.

As I joined the captain at the supper-table and we listened to the clanking of the pump rope thimbles on the iron handle as the wheel spun around, he looked across the table with a broad grin on his face and remarked: "Perhaps we had ought to have had those stevedores pump her out before we left, sir, as she seems to have quite some water in her, after all."

All night long we pumped and pumped and just about held our own, gaining at times a few inches, only to lose them when we stopped for a moment to brace yards or do such work as was absolutely necessary to keep the ship moving along.

By daybreak everyone on board knew that it was to be a case of pump and pump, not only for days but for weeks and months, until we ran into port for repairs or arrived at our final destination.



Clipper Ship *Triumphant.*

As was to be expected, at eight bells in the morning watch all hands came marching aft and demanded to see the Old Man. Upon receiving their message, he appeared at the break of the poop and with hands stuck into his pockets and his face wreathed in smiles said: "Now, boys, I know just what your trouble is, and I'm as sorry about it as you are. I think the 'good ship' has opened up an old crack in the rudder post and I'm going to have Chips cut a hole through the transom planking and pour some boiling hot pitch down the post, which I think will remedy our trouble at once; if not, and the water continues to gain, why we will just run into Bermuda and see what the trouble is. So, go ahead with your work cheerfully and everything will come out all right; but, mind, no more grumbling, as it may make trouble; and that, sometimes, is even worse than a leaky ship."

For the next two months and a half there was no improvement, and it was only by promises to go into St. Thomas, then Rio Janeiro, and finally Buenos Aires, accompanied by curses and threats, that kept the men at their work. Finally, when the heavy weather off the River Plate began to shake us up and open up the seams so that each day showed a loss where before we had by increased effort been able, at least, to hold our own, the men broke out in open mutiny, and, as the parrot said to the monkey, there was a "hell of a time."

When the first uprising was subdued it left the captain with an abdomen slashed from hip to hip, and only the fact that he was wearing a heavy pea-jacket at the time prevented the knife, wielded by a crazy sailor, cutting deeper and causing a more serious injury.

It was then a case of chained-up sailors in the lazarette and each officer carrying a blackjack in one pocket and a revolver in the other, and allowing no sailor to approach him

within reaching distance of a belaying-pin, while at night the officers were forced to lock the doors and windows leading to their rooms for fear that a hand might reach in and push a sheath knife between their ribs.

The history of the balance of this voyage, if truthfully written, would add nothing to the honour or glory of the American Mercantile Marine. Suffice it to say that the strength, courage and fearlessness of "Big Rube" on more than one occasion saved the officers from a dangerous position, and kept discipline until the final abandonment of the ship.

During the whole of this perilous period Captain Lawrence always met me smiling, and never a word of censure, fault-finding nor even the slightest threat of physical punishment ever passed his lips, and that is why I can honestly say that in a hard ship with a hard captain, and even under the most discouraging conditions, that part of the voyage completed was one of the most satisfying of my whole career. And as I open an old envelope and withdraw a yellow time-stained letter I read:

"*Ship 'Triumphant,'*
San Francisco, Nov. 10th, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,

"At any time when we meet and I am in want of a mate and you in want of a ship, you can always have a berth with me.

"You was with me in the 'old Ship' when I was in trouble and I found you to be a man in every form. And the good opinion I then formed of your capabilities I still retain.

"Sincerely yours,
"R. S. LAWRENCE."

And as I finish reading, once more I feel the heave of the quarter-deck under my feet and the smell of the salt sea air fills my nostrils. Once more I'm walking on my toes, gently swaying in unison with the rhythm of the ship as she rolls from side to side, dashing showers of white spray in fleecy clouds from her sharp cutwater and leaving a wide streak of seething foam cut into the dark green sea astern.

CHAPTER XX

" 'Twas in a Blackballer I served my time,
Way, ho, blow a man down;
'Twas in a Blackballer I wasted my prime,
Give us some time to blow a man down."

Deep Sea Chanty.

THE good ship *Rival* was resurrected from the graveyard at the foot of Van Brunt Street, Brooklyn, New York, where she had been moored for about fifteen years prior to her sailing for San Francisco on the voyage of which I will relate.

We had just rounded Staten Land on the night of her sixtieth day out and began to butt against the westerly winds, always prevalent in that region.

In sailor parlance, every ship is a good ship, even though the only thing that holds her rotten planking and decaying timbers in place is the coat of coal tar covering her outside planking, and the extra bracing and heavy timber pointers bolted to her between-deck timbers and across her transom frame and fore-peak, as was the case with the *Rival*.

She had developed a steady leak soon after we left port, but as it had not increased to any extent, the captain decided to try to round the Horn, although the sailors made an awful howl, as was to be expected.

We were soon out in the open far enough to the southward to get the full force of both wind and sea. Twenty-four hours later the barometer began to fall rapidly, indicating a coming storm. We were now some sixty miles south-west from Staten Land, with the wind increasing in force each moment, while the crest-tipped seas rose higher and

higher and dull grey clouds began to scud swifter and swifter across the fast-darkening sky, and the soaring aloft of the Cape pigeons and albatross gave an additional warning to prepare quickly for the worst.

As night closed in we shortened sail down to close-reefed topsails, and wearing round on to the starboard tack, stood off shore to the southward. The gale increased in fury each moment, so that by midnight we were forced to heave to under lower topsails. About two hours later a particularly heavy sea struck us with a resounding smack on the big bluff of our overhanging weather bow, causing the ship to tremble from stem to stern, and smashing a hole in the bow through which you could drive a horse and carriage, the rotten planking crumbling like cheese under the force of the impact.

On dashed the wave, gathering force as it advanced, flooding the forecastles and deck-houses, tearing adrift our water tanks, and causing the watch working at the pumps to drop the lanyards and seek safety on the top of the main fife-rail, to escape the wave's onrushing fury. It finally tore away the bulwarks at both gangways, carrying our tanks and water casks with it, and rushed onward to join its fellows now fast disappearing astern.

All hands were now on deck, and the Old Man, hanging on to the rail across the forward end of the after house, very cautiously between seas, wore the old packet around on to the port tack to stop the rush of water which was fast pouring in through the hole in our damaged bow. We had hardly got well settled on this tack before another heavy sea came crashing through our port bow, cutting the planking down to the water-line, rushing aft over the wreck-strewn deck and smashing in the front of the cabin. The water, surging on through the lazarette, washed off the hatches and flooded the cabin and after between decks, forcing

thousands of rats from their holes and sending them squealing and frightened out on the main deck, where hundreds were washed overboard by the receding waters.

Once again it was wear ship, and running before the gale with our stern exposed to the heavy following seas, we headed back towards the eastward to seek a harbour of safety in the Falkland Islands.

At daybreak we found ourselves floundering like a lame duck in an ugly sea with four feet of water in our hold, which increased at the rate of two inches an hour in spite of our steady pumping. Life-lines were stretched from main fife-rails to stanchions on the quarter-deck to keep the men at the pumps from being washed into the sea.

As each hour passed we seemed to rise less buoyantly to each succeeding sea, and settled deeper and deeper as the depth of water gradually increased in our hold.

The ship was now labouring heavily, causing the lead scuppers in our waterways to break and the hull to groan and tremble as though each new oncoming sea would cause her to fall apart.

At four bells, or two o'clock in the afternoon watch, the captain decided to abandon ship, as our chances of weathering the coming night were very poor. We scanned the horizon in vain for the sight of some friendly sail, so, setting our distress signals, we cleared away the big thirty-foot long-boat on the forward house, and swinging her out to starboard on two double whip tackles made fast on the fore-yard arm, and lashing her into the forward rigging, we soon had her stored with water and provisions and such necessities as we had space for, including our nautical instruments, compasses, lanterns and signal lights. All hands then took their allotted places in her with the exception of two seamen and myself, who had been chosen to stand by and cut the falls when we had landed the long-boat safely

on the crest of a passing sea. Then we were to make our escape by jumping into the sea from the fore channels, to be picked up by the long-boat as she passed astern.

This method of abandoning the ship had been decided on by the captain, as he felt it was the only way to save the long-boat from being smashed by the heavy seas now breaking continually over the ship's deck.

Lashings were now cast off, and watching our chance we lowered away handsomely on the tackles until the top of a high oncoming sea lifted the long-boat lightly on its crest, when the tackles were cut, and she went off on its surging and foaming surface as light as a sea-gull; but she went so swiftly that before we could reach the fore channels she was far astern. Alas for our hopes of rescue!

In picking out the two men who were to remain with me to chop the falls, I had chosen two of the strongest and toughest men in the crew, who, throughout the part of the voyage just completed, had led me to believe that they feared neither God, man nor the devil; but great was my disappointment when I turned to face them now in our perilous situation to see Murray, the younger of the two, throw up his hands and with a wail of despair cry out: "They have left us here alone to drown like rats," and fall helpless to the deck.

Delaney, with an oath, landed his heavy sea-boots in the man's side, and grasping him by the scruff of his neck, shouted: "Get up, you dirty low cur and act like a man; this is no time to play the baby act, and besides, my laddy buck, remember your mother was Irish and don't disgrace her and the land that gave you birth."

I paused for a moment to steady a particularly bad case of nerves, then glanced at my surroundings—three desolate men, one practically helpless, on an abandoned ship which was rolling heavily in the trough of the sea with the spars

and rigging groaning and creaking as she tossed from side to side, while the sails snapped and cracked as they shivered when the shrieking wind passed through the heavy dull grey sky overhead. Each moment our ship kept settling by the head, while the solid green seas were breaking over her from one end to the other, with the exception of the top of the after house.

Suddenly the strange agony of fear began to assume control of me, keeping my mind from concentrating and my brain from forming and co-ordinating a plan the quick action which the occasion demanded, and just for a second I could see the reason for Murray's collapse. By a superhuman effort of will-power this weakness was overcome, and turning, I shouted to Delaney, who was still holding Murray by the neck to keep him from being carried over the side into the sea: "Make for the starboard quarter boat." To assist him, I grabbed Murray by an arm, and together we were soon able to work our way through the seas and finally reach the quarter-deck with our burden.

Time was precious, for as we looked to leeward we saw the white sail now set on the long-boat grow smaller and smaller as she rose on the crown of each passing sea.

With great haste we tossed our burden into the bottom of the small fourteen-foot Whitehall boat, the smallest and lightest of them all, and casting off the grips and lashings, carefully swung her out over the quarter with the prayer in our hearts that no passing sea might tear her from her davits before we were ready to go.

Taking the ends of both falls in our hands, Delaney jumped nimbly into the bow and I into the stern, and watching our opportunity as one wave came rushing by with a little flatter crest than the others, we slacked our falls just enough to land us on its crown, and as we settled, with a slash of our knives we cut the standing end of the falls and

let go the other end by the run. Like a flash we shot away right side up on the foaming billow, and while Delaney shipped his oars and began to pull with all his strength to keep the head of our boat quartering up to the next fast-approaching sea, I sat down in the bottom of the boat, and taking off a silk muffler, which I had tied around my neck under my oilskins to keep out the seas, stuffed it into a six-inch hole in the bottom of the boat, caused by one of the cross-jack brace blocks which had become unhooked and had fallen from aloft. Then sitting down hard over the hole, I took off my south-wester and began to bail, throwing the water out from side to side as Delaney, like a veteran, kept the boat heading up to the seas, and with canny skill dodged the particularly dangerous ones like a St. Lawrence River pilot shooting the rapids.

In this fashion we began quickly to drift after the fast-receding long-boat, the crew of which were using super-human efforts to make some headway towards us in the heavy head sea.

By the use of kicks and curses, Delaney had finally worked Murray up to a condition of usefulness, and while I bailed the other two strained at the oars to keep our boat headed to the oncoming waves, which threatened every minute to engulf us.

Gradually we drifted closer and closer towards our shipmates, and just as darkness began to close in around us, wet, cold and exhausted, we reached the long-boat and were hauled safely on board ; while our frail shell, now nearly filled with water, which by a miracle had carried us so nobly through the raging seas, was turned adrift and went floating off to leeward, tossed like a feather on a white-crested wave and disappeared in the fast-gathering gloom. As the darkness closed around us, we fastened a white riding light to the forestay and all huddled together for warmth

from the cold and wet, each taking his turn at the oars during the long dark night.

As day broke cold, dismal, and grey, and the first streaks of light began to climb the distant horizon, with a shout of joy we made out off to the north-west the tall spars of an English barque fast approaching. Then for a few moments we sat in silence, overcome by a great fear that she might not sight us, but as her hull became visible it was with a thrill of joy and a hearty cheer that we discerned her ensign flying from her mizzen peak; we knew that her look-out had discovered us, that our safety was assured and our sufferings soon would be ended.

By six bells, or eleven o'clock in the morning watch, we were all safely on board the good barque *Jupiter*, Captain Jones, bound from Cardiff to Valparaiso, Chile, at which port we were landed some six weeks later.

Our captain at once engaged passage on the next steamer for Panama on his way home, and as I bade him good-bye the day the steamer sailed, he remarked: "Well, the good ship *Rival* is where no sneaking underwriter's agents can get hold of her, anyhow."

And that is why, when occasionally I stroll along the city front and see one of the battery boatmen in his *fourteen-foot Whitehall boat*, rowing ashore with a heaving line, as he assists in warping some huge ocean steamer into her berth, I lift my hat to the boat, in respect and reverence, as my mind reverts to the time one carried me through great peril to safety.

CHAPTER XXI

" Good-morning, Mister Tapscott, have you got a ship for me?
Haul away, my bullies, haul away;
Oh, yes, I have a packet ship, and she's ready for sea,
Haul away, my bully boys, we're all bound to go."

Deep Sea Chanty.

MANY stories have been written of the passing of the American clipper ship—once the queen of the seas and the glory of our country—and of the numerous captains who commanded this class of ships, but seldom, if ever, have you read, either in papers or magazines, anything about the mates.

Allowing that the captains generally were the supreme and absolute rulers of these vessels, quite often the hardest work fell to the lot of the unknown mate. On him, more than on anyone else, depended the maintenance of discipline on board ship and the upkeep of the ship's physical condition both alow and aloft; his eyes were depended upon to sight the coming winds and to brace the yards to woo each breath of air that might waft the ship towards her destination. His mind had to grasp and put into execution each small detail, and to so co-ordinate these details as to establish the ship's record for neatness and dispatch.

The mates had to do the fighting and growling, and sometimes, unfortunately, fights were forced on them by the irritating and insulting remarks of some of those captains who are notable in history. At times the mate even had to suffer imprisonment and death for practising cruelty on the high seas when trying to force crews to do more than was humanly possible in the way of work-up jobs, to make the

crews glad to desert a ship upon arrival in a foreign port, and, in their eagerness to escape further hardships, willing to forfeit any small balance of wages that might be due to them.

In the early 'seventies, anyone strolling along South Street, New York City, from Peck Slip on the east to South Ferry on the west (this was the Great White Way for the deep-water mates and the sailors), would be surprised at the number of these unknown mates he would pass in that short distance.

Their regular gathering-places would be Fred Colcord's, near Peck Slip; Orrin Nickerson's, opposite Pier 19, or at Sam Dale's, about a block east from South Ferry. At any one of these places they would congregate in groups and amuse themselves by reading the large two-sheet posters adorning the office walls and billboards scattered along the street, which announced in glaring headlines the fact that the "Good American Clipper Ship, *Glory of the Sea*, Captain Freeman, Last Passage 110 Days, rated A1 at Lloyds', was now loading at Pier 19 East River." They would enjoy to the fullest extent that exhilarating feeling supposed to be born in the bosom of an actor upon seeing his name emblazoned in beautiful big letters of red or blue plastered on the city's dead walls.

There was nothing out of the ordinary in the personal appearance of these mates to attract one's attention; they did not wear long hair or Byron collars nor walk with a rollicking, rolling gait, expectorating tobacco juice, and shivering their timbers at every step, as is told in story-books. They dressed and acted just like the average, ordinary human being. But if by chance you happened to drop into Nickerson's, Dale's or Colcords' most any afternoon about three o'clock, you would have seen gathered in the far end of the store about half a dozen men, whose

Clipper Ship *Tacoma*.

names and reputations were well known in almost every port in the world where deep-sea ships called. But seldom did their names appear in the local papers unless they were unfortunate enough to be charged with committing some overt act of cruelty on the high seas and were arrested and haled before a United States Judge, and then it was only in such scathing terms as "inhuman brutes" and "murderers."

In these groups usually you would find such men as "Long Hen Toque," the mate who could always be depended upon to spin yarns that would put "Sindbad the Sailor" stories in the kindergarten class. He could do it so skilfully that before he finished he could prove he had been in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, at the same time, and if his attention was called to this seeming discrepancy, without so much as the bat of an eyelash he would immediately start a line of talk to prove you an unmitigated liar.

The story goes that for years and years one of his stock yarns was a very minute and graphic description of an attractive little fruit ranch up in the Santa Clara Valley in California that he owned, and the wonderful crops of fruit that it produced. He would describe its location and size in exact metes and bounds, and the profits, to an even penny, that it brought him each year. Poor Hen told the story so often that in time he really believed it himself. And it was said that one day in the closing years of his life he was found wandering up the Valley, making pathetic appeals to each person he met to direct him to Toque's Mill Ranch.

"Glass-eye Mitchell" was another well-known character, with a long drooping red moustache, such as usually adorns the faces of Captain Kidd's pirates in the picture books. He had a tousled mop of red hair and bushy eyebrows,

topped off with a broad-brimmed black felt hat of the California Forty-niner type, which was set at a slouchy angle on the back of his head. It can truthfully be said of him that he was not as bad a man as he looked.

Another gentleman with a reputation, but of a different kind, was "Bull-dog Penfield," a product developed on the west coast lumber ships, who drifted east by the way of the South American guano ships, and held quite a place in the limelight up to the time Big Rube Lawrence turned the spotlight on him and showed up the yellow streak in his make-up. His facial resemblance to a terra-cotta bull-dog gained him his sobriquet.

Then there was "Hell Roaring Taylor," with a voice like a bass viol, which increased in volume when he was angry and made a combination of sounds half-way between a Chinese orchestra and a South Sea Island bull fiddle; also "One-eyed Wilson" and "Tug Wilson," neither twins nor brothers—just "Wilsons, that's all!" Another was Charley Butcher, who later, while going up the Hoogly River bound for Calcutta, was killed by a knife-thrust and his body thrown over the ship's side; and "Dinky Bunker," the champion light-weight from Maine, who, weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds, could strike a blow that would lift a six-foot sailor over the main hatch and send him down for the count.

Another character was "Sunrise Harris" of the ship *Sunrise*, for whose fleeting fame he paid an unjust penalty inflicted by a judge at San Francisco, more as a peace offering to the women comprising "The Seamen's Protective Benevolent Association" than as a matter of justice; and "Big Parker" of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, who put in all his spare time when ashore giving boxing exhibitions at Harry Hill's in New York, and Harry Maynard's in San Francisco, and while he was a "hell of a fellow" at sea

when beating up sailors, on shore he was mostly always on the receiving end of his many bouts.

Charley Watts was mate of the *Gatherer*. He held the front page in the San Francisco papers for several weeks, even being honoured to the extent of a half-column poem which celebrated his extradition from Queenstown to stand trial for a charge of cruelty on the high seas. I can only recall the first verse of the poem, which ran as follows :

> "Mr. Watts of *Gatherer* fame returns to clear his clouded name,
> Not because he thought it best, but because the law's behest,
> Reinforced by bands of steel round his hands and round his heel,
> Made it rather awkward for Mr. Watts to snub the law."

Then there was " Big Lou Holmes " of the *Lucille*, who with several of his mates fought and put to flight some thirty Greek and Italian sailors in Joe the Greek's Coffee House, just off Williamson Square in Liverpool, one Christmas Eve, for making disparaging remarks about the American flag. The place looked like a ship that had been struck by a cyclone when the bobbies pried the American sailors out from behind a breastwork of broken chairs and tables at the end of the hall where the members of the orchestra, who had climbed out through the window, had been when the row began.

Dick Hoffman, of the notorious *Richard Robinson* mutiny, who, after his escape from jail, fled to Valparaiso, and for his own and his country's good remained there.

Old Mose Doyle was one of the well-known bucco second mates who sailed many voyages with Captain Bob Merriman, and would always weep bitter tears of disappointment when a sailor didn't fight back.

I was rather prejudiced against Mose, as I missed one of the ship's largest and best snatch blocks after he and Dick Hoffman had paid me a friendly call one day while we were

lying in Valparaiso Bay. My suspicions as to the guilty party were confirmed by the fact that that night the two men were seen ashore drunk, and Captain Bob swore Mose didn't have a cent when he left the ship, as he had refused to advance him any money, knowing that he would give the police a busy night ashore, particularly if Dick was with him and both were loaded with a cargo of aquadiente. The calaboose had them in the morning, but I never recovered my snatch block.

Then there was Jerry Donovan of Youghal, with his rich Irish brogue, as fresh and sweet as the day he left home, and whose sweetest term of endearment when addressing a sailor would melt the lead in a ship's scuppers. Poor old Jerry, his end has been told in a previous chapter, when he sailed on the *St. John Smith*, one of those "ships that pass in the night."

Welsh Lewis was another second mate who gained quite some notoriety by his claim that he had thrown Captain Cummings of the good ship *Three Brothers* through the glass door in the front of the after cabin. Cummings said Lewis was just an ordinary plain liar and had made his reputation by beating up a few old decrepit sailors and a couple of German ship carpenters who couldn't speak English, but Welsh's short, thick, stocky body and his rolling bucco walk gave him every appearance of a bad man; and there was no question as to his ability as a wrestler, for he had downed some of the leading semi-professionals at both Harry Maynard's in 'Frisco and Lowrie's in Cleveland Square at Liverpool.

These were but a few of the noted mates and second mates that passed away with the passing of the ships. There were numerous others fully as capable, if not more so, but of less prominent reputation, who used to congregate in these rendezvous, and made up that great number of

American officers who were always ready to fight at the drop of the hat to uphold the reputation and honour of their ships, to go broke to relieve the suffering or distressed, and who would never acknowledge that anything above or below, alive or dead, could equal for beauty a neat and trim American clipper ship.

CHAPTER XXII

" Boni was a warrior,
Jean, franz soir;
A warrior and a terrior,
Jean, franz soir."

Deep Sea Chanty.

DELEHANTY'S battered form lay stretched out on the deck, while from his puffed and swollen face, his partly glazed eyes stared in a dazed manner at the blue sky overhead. The hot tropical sun beating down on his upturned countenance brought into full relief the extent of the terrible punishment he had received; while Lindsey, the second mate, with bruised and bleeding hands, stood a few feet away on guard, awaiting a renewal of the attack.

The crew, who had gathered in a group at the corner of the forward house when the fracas began, glared in sullen silence as they saw their champion take the count. At last one of the group timidly advanced towards Delehanty and lifted his prostrate form to a sitting position, while a companion poured a bucket of cold salt water down his spine.

As consciousness returned, he inquired in a weak voice of his mates: " Say, boys, what struck me? "

" The second mate."

" Ah, go on, he can't hit as hard as that; I thought the main-yard had dropped on me."

" Now take him forward," growled Lindsey, " and if he or any other one of you attempts to give me any more back talk between here and Valparaiso, he'll get the same dose, sabé? " And turning on his heel he went to his room to wash up.

Little did either of the participants dream that this was only a curtain riser to the tragedy that was to follow.

The good ship *El Dorado*, loaded with a cargo of guano, was working her way down the coast from Callao to Valparaiso to go into dry dock for re-coppering, having developed a healthy leak a few days after leaving port.

About two weeks after the event described above we made port and moored head and stern out on the tier in the open roadstead awaiting our turn to dock.

Delehanty failed to return from his first shore leave and was entered upon the ship's log as a deserter. A few days later he sent off a challenge to Lindsey by one of the boatmen, inviting him to come ashore and prove that he was as good a man there as he claimed to be aboard ship.

This challenge quite upset Lindsey and he often spoke of it, and asked my advice as to whether I thought he ought to accept it. I always advised him not to, stating that if he did accept and even duplicated the former beating up he had administered to Delehanty, the gang of beachcombers along the water-front, with whom Delehanty was associating, would find some excuse to break into the fracas and either beat him up or have some greaser stick a knife into him before he got through.

About six o'clock on the following Saturday evening, a ship's boat from a St. John's barque, mooring near by, came alongside our ship, and the second mate, named Carmichael, accompanied by a notorious character by the name of Kelly, inquired for Lindsey. I took Lindsey aside before he had a chance to speak with them, and in very forceful language told him that he had better leave both men entirely alone, as their appearance gave every indication that they had been drinking, and while I knew nothing, personally, as to Carmichael's habits, his associating with such a man as Kelly was sufficient cause to give them both

a wide berth if he wished to avoid trouble. Kelly was known as a New York ex-policeman, who had been forced to flee from the States to avoid prosecution for murder, and whose present occupation was hiring out as a nigger driver, an appellation given to a class of men who made a precarious living by beating up sailors and forcing them to desert their ships, leaving behind any hard-earned wages that might be due to them.

All three went into Lindsey's room, and for the next half-hour the sound of loud and boisterous talking, intermingled with threats and curses, floated out through the open window, but greatly to my relief the two visitors finally returned to their boat and rowed in toward the landing at the Mole.

Not a word was said to me by Lindsey during our dinner as to the purport of their mission, and I had begun to flatter myself that my advice had fallen on good soil. I had just gone to my room and began to write up the day's log when Lindsey suddenly appeared in the doorway, dressed in his go-ashore clothes, and with a smile inquired if I would kindly lend him my revolver, as he was going ashore for a few hours and had heard that the peons along the water-front had been beating up and robbing mates who came down late to the Mole on the way to their ships, and he wanted to be prepared in case he was attacked.

I knew this report was true and that it applied particularly to Americans, as a very bitter feeling had been aroused towards us by the stand taken by Secretary of State James G. Blaine, when he demanded that the interest of American bondholders in the guano and nitrate deposits of Peru should take precedence over any claims the Chilians were then making as to holding these deposits as a guarantee for the payment of a war indemnity by their lately vanquished foe.

Before handing Lindsey the gun, I warned him once more about Delehanty and his challenge, and to keep clear of Carmichael and Kelly, and upon his promise to do both and be back on board ship perfectly sober by midnight, I handed the revolver to him and bade him good-night.

As the ship's boat pushed off from the gangway and headed for the shore, I returned to my room and finished writing up the log, shortly afterwards turning in.

At three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by hearing Lindsey's voice in the darkness outside my door, imploring me, in beseeching tones, for God's sake to let him in.

Jumping from my berth, I opened the door, and he staggered into the room and in the darkness fell prostrate on my berth, sobbing like a child. As I started to light my lamp he whispered in a hoarse voice: "For God's sake, don't make a light, sir; the guard boats are out looking for me and they will see it."

By hard pressing and promises of assistance, I soon had the whole story from him. It was the same old story heard so many times, the foundation of which is always laid on rum, drunkenness and evil associates—just the things I had warned him against and he had promised to avoid.

Arriving ashore, he had gone up to the notorious saloon and dance hall known as the "Mizzen Top," which was patronized by the worst elements of natives and foreigners along the shore, and there had met Kelly and Carmichael, who in the short time they had preceded him ashore had busied themselves by getting in touch with Delehanty and his crowd of beachcombers, led by one Rafferty. All arrangements had been completed for a fight to the finish between the two men, to take place out in the city suburb near Vinar Del Mar.

At first Lindsey stoutly refused, but after a few drinks,

and angered and strung by some subtle remarks reflecting upon the veracity of his loudly proclaimed ability, he fell in with the plans, and Lindsey, Kelly and Carmichael hurried into a tramcar and soon alighted at the designated spot.

Rafferty and Delehanty had already arrived, and both groups started in at once to prepare for the fight.

Stripping to the waist, both men soon were at it hammer and tongs, each backed and encouraged by their respective seconds, Kelly and Rafferty. It was Kelly, though, who dominated the whole crowd, as with revolver in hand he swore and threatened first one side, then the other. He gloated in triumph like a carrion crow over the feast he had really prepared entirely for his own selfish pleasure, absolutely regardless of the consequences that might follow or what might befall the participants.

Within a few moments, once more Delehanty was vanquished, and battered and bruised he was lying against the bank of the muddy brook bordering the road on which the battle had been staged. Rafferty, in his efforts to restore him to consciousness, was splashing the dirty water over his face and down his back, while Kelly and Carmichael, flushed with the joy of victory, hurried their man into his clothes, and wiping from his bruised face the signs of combat, headed back towards the tramcars, followed by the hoots and jeers of their late opponents.

It was only natural that the victory should be properly honoured by a little celebration, and again Kelly's versatile mind came to the rescue. What better celebration than for the three to go down to the sailors' boarding house, kept by a German known as "Charlie," where Delehanty was staying, and after announcing the result of the fight, drink to the health of the victor, forcing Charlie to join them. No sooner said than done.

In a short time the three men were lined up before the bar. Charlie, scenting trouble, was very careful to keep far enough back of the bar to be out of reach of any sudden attack from the front. As was to be expected, he not only refused to join them in drinking, but absolutely refused to serve them.

By this time, labouring under the excitement of the liquor imbibed prior to the fight, and the praise and encouragement bestowed upon him for his prowess, by his two companions, Lindsey had worked himself into such a passion that he completely lost his head, and, under the taunts of the other two men, started to climb over the top of the bar to give Charlie what he had given Delehanty.

At this point the stories differ. Lindsey stated that Charlie reached for a pistol lying on the back bar and turned to shoot, which caused him to shoot first in self-defence, his man dropping to the floor with a bullet through his chest. But Charlie, in his ante-mortem statement, said he was reaching for a bung starter which he kept under the front bar, to protect himself, when Lindsey reached over and shot him.

Kelly, with a revolver in each hand, fought his way through the surrounding crowd that was armed with stilettoes and uttering curses and threats of the vilest sort. There certainly must have been some curses, for about all Kelly knew of the language were oaths and cuss words.

The three men fought their way down to the Mole, where they overpowered a guard of some six soldiers, and entering the dinghy from Carmichael's ship which, manned by the two dinghy boys, had been awaiting their arrival, the three men, with drawn revolvers pointing towards the now crowded Mole, pushed off into the darkness and headed out into the bay just as the signals for their arrest were being flashed to the guard boats.

The *El Dorado* was moored first on the tier nearest the shore, thus it was that Lindsey sought refuge on this ship.

"Where's Kelly and Carmichael?" was my first inquiry.

"They are rowing out to sea, sir, and will trust to their luck in being picked up by some steamer bound up the coast and make a safe getaway."

"Why in hell didn't you go with them? it's the only chance you had. Why come here when you know this will be the first place they'll look for you? Your only chance now is to take the ship's dinghy and follow them, trusting to avoid the guard boats in the darkness. Quick, now, get what things you need, and while you're gathering them together I'll have the emergency kit and water beaker and compass put in the boat, and then beat it."

In a jiffy everything was ready and Lindsey came from his room perfectly sober, but in tears, as the seriousness of the crime began to dawn upon him. In a tremulous voice he bade me good-bye and turned to go down the gangway, when the sound of muffled oars came floating across the waters and the head light of a guard boat came dancing around the bow.

It was now a wild rush back to my room, and quickly pulling out the two large drawers fitted under my berth, I pushed him in, and had just got the drawers replaced when I heard the voice of the boat's officer at the head of the gangway, inquiring in fairly good English of the watchman on deck for "El Capitan." Upon being informed that he was ashore, he then asked for the "Primero Piloto." The watchman guided him in the darkness to my door, and knocking loudly informed me an officer wanted to see me.

Leisurely rolling out of my berth, I slowly struck a light, and with a warning whisper to Lindsey to keep perfectly still, with a yawn I opened my door, to be con-

fronted by a guard officer, around whom were crowded six villainous-looking marines, fully armed and with drawn cutlasses in hand.

The young officer, saluting in the most courteous manner and summoning up his best English, informed me that a murder had been committed ashore by a Señor Lindsey, who, he had been informed, was the " Secondo Piloto " of the American ship *El Dorado*, and that he had escaped with his two companions in a ship's boat that was seen to call at the ship and then row out into the bay with only two men. Would I be kind enough to inform him where he could find the Señor, as he had been instructed to arrest him and bring him ashore; and also would I explain the reason for the ship's boat at the gangway.

Informing him that the ship's boat was waiting for the signal from the mate to go ashore for the captain, and expressing great surprise and horror at the information given, I invited him to make a thorough search of the ship, as I was under the impression the second mate was still ashore.

Thanking me most politely, he walked upon the quarter-deck, and in a few moments, in answer to his whistle, two more guard boats with their crews approached out of the darkness, and were soon alongside.

A guard of marines was now stationed around the deck, and the officer who had first boarded us, and who proved to be a lieutenant, introduced me to his captain, who had come on board from one of the other boats. As the latter could speak no English, he shook my hand very cordially and offered me a cigarette, which I accepted in a most courtly manner.

After a short conversation with his superior officer, the lieutenant informed me that everyone on board ship could consider himself under arrest, and that no one would be

allowed to leave the ship or come on board without his permission. He ordered the dinghy boys out of the ship's boat and had it made fast to a towline astern, remarking that much to his regret he would be compelled to forbid her going ashore for the Señor Capitan, even if he should signal for her. Then ordering me to turn out all hands and furnish him with lanterns, he began in a very leisurely, though a very thorough way, to make a search of every nook and corner of the vessel from fore-peak to taffrail, both alow and aloft, not forgetting the fore-peak and between decks.

It was with fear and trembling that I saw them enter my own room, but jumping upon my bed, I dangled my legs down over the front of the two drawers and in a nonchalant manner lit my cigarette and began to make very earnest inquiries as to further particulars surrounding the terrible affair.

In a few moments the search, which was final as far as my quarters were concerned, was completed and it was with a feeling of relief and thankfulness that I locked my room door and joined the captain, who had very considerately remained out on deck during the ordeal.

For the next three days it was just one continuous search after another, as the squad would turn up at any hour of the night or day, generally when least expected, and without the slightest warning turn everything upside down in their frantic efforts to locate their victim. We were threatened, coaxed and abused, but I am proud to say that although every member of the crew knew Lindsey was on board and secreted somewhere in the after cabin, not a soul would acknowledge the fact under the thorough grillings by the officials.

During all this time I was in hourly touch with Lindsey, keeping him advised of the conditions, and generally each

night was able to allow him to come out to stretch his cramped limbs and get what exercise was possible within the narrow confines of the room.

The captain, who was still ashore, sent word that although he was anxious to get the repairs under way and continue the voyage, he would patiently submit to the delay and expense if there was the slightest chance of our getting our man away.

It was after the Commandant had stated that the guard would be continued indefinitely until they got their man, whom they were positive was secreted on board, that I had a long conversation with Lindsey. He had previously suggested that he had better give up and surrender, as the expense and trouble to which he was putting the captain had about reached the limit. We decided finally that it was the only possible solution to the problem confronting us, so, calling the officer in command into the cabin and exacting from him a personal promise that there would be no brutality shown to the prisoner upon arrest, and that he was to be taken ashore at once and placed safe and unharmed in the city prison without the usual ceremony of having his hands and feet bound by the squad of marines and being beaten until unconscious, as a sort of solace to their injured pride, I led the way to my room and told Lindsey of the pledges given as to his safe-conduct to shore.

Upon hearing this he pushed out the two drawers and, crawling out of his cramped quarters, stood with folded arms in the centre of the room.

In the meantime a squad of Marines with drawn cutlasses had surrounded the room and crowded around the doorway, and as I opened the door and pointed towards Lindsey, a great shout went up; cutlasses were brandished and orders given, accompanied by about all the oaths in the Chilian tongue, and the number is countless. But not one

man had the courage to cross the threshold. The officer swore and threatened, but in vain.

Their cowardice caused both Lindsey and me to smile, until finally the officer informed me in English that the prisoner must hold his hands up over his head and step out on deck, as his men were afraid he had a gun.

With a smile Lindsey complied, and as promised, his hands only were locked behind him with a pair of handcuffs, and he was led towards the gangway to be taken ashore in the guard boat.

Just as the boat was about to shove off, the German steward came rushing out of the cabin beastly drunk, brandishing a revolver in his hand, and rushing to the ship's side shouted: "Say, you black dagoes, where you go with my second mate? Stop such damned foolishness and come back quick, yes?" And thereupon he fired four shots, each of which went crashing through the bottom or side of the boat, but by a miracle not a man among its crowded occupants received as much as a scratch.

Before he could fire again we disarmed him and were taking him forward to lock him in the forecastle, when the Commandant's boat returned, a file of marines came dashing up the gangway, and knocking him down quickly, bound him hand and foot and dragged him along the deck and down the gangway and tossed him into the bottom of the boat, and rowed away with him still cursing and swearing in his drunkenness.

During the next month the captain, through the American Consul, exerted every possible effort to obtain Lindsey's release. The best of counsel was employed and money lavishly spent, but without results. Lindsey was placed in what the natives call "Incommunicado," and up to the time of our sailing I was unable to see him.

It was reported along the city front that he had been

taken out with some other prisoners one morning at daylight, lined upon the beach at Vinar Del Mar, the small suburban town where the fight had taken place, and shot.

The steward was sentenced to eight years in prison down at Sandy Point, the penal colony, situated in the Straits of Magellan.

Kelly and Carmichael escaped to the open sea, were picked up by a coasting steamer and landed at Pisagua. A week after landing, Kelly was arrested for shooting an English sailor, was tried and found guilty, and was taken down to the beach and shot.

CHAPTER XXIII

"The second mate stands them all up in a row,
Way, ho, blow a man down;
A seam in the deck he sure makes them all toe,
Give me some time to blow a man down."

Deep Sea Chanty.

"A RED-HEADED Irishman, half full of booze, is an object to be avoided, and a red-headed Irishman with cross eyes and full of booze, doubly so." This was the advice handed out to me by the executive officer of a P.M.S.S. steamer, on which I was at the time serving as a cadet, when I allowed a red-headed Irish sailor, by the name of Duffy, to escape from the pilot house where he had been placed under arrest for being drunk while in port.

This advice was recalled very vividly to my memory when the crew which we had shipped (most of them from the jail at Valparaiso) came on board to take the ship to Queenstown, for orders, after finishing our repairs.

The first man of the motley group to climb over the ship's rail, as they came alongside, was a red-headed Irishman, named Connors, with a cross eye. He paused for a moment on the top of the rail, cast his malevolent eyes over the group of officers gathered to receive him, then, with a contemptuous leer overspreading his countenance, lifted his dunnage bag high over his head, and with all his force threw it down on to the deck, after which he jumped down with his heavy boots. This was such an open challenge to battle that it could not be ignored, particularly so as the man following him was

preparing to go through the same performance also to show his contempt for the officers.

"Pick up that bag," I shouted, springing towards him with clenched fists, while the man on the rail with his bag still poised half-way above his head stopped in surprise.

"Who the hell are you?" replied Connors with a leer, as he turned and blinked his crooked eyes in a humorous way at his companions.

"I'm the mate of this packet, and where I sail I rule," I replied as calmly as possible.

"The hell you are. Well, if you want that bag picked up, do it yourself, and while you're about it, just put it in the forecastle, sonny, and then I'll give you a kiss; that's a good boy!"

A roar of laughter from the gathering crew greeted this sally, but just as Connors turned with a grin on his ugly mug to acknowledge the commendation, I swung my right with full force to his jaw, the impact sending him reeling against the rail. As he straightened up my left shot out flush to his face before he had fully regained his balance, landing him flat on his back. As I jumped to pin him to the deck, the peculiar gleam of his wicked eyes instantly recalled the advice given so many years ago and quoted above.

I threw my full weight on his prostrate body, in my efforts to nail him to the deck until we could put the irons on him; with a roar, his shipmates closed around us. The captain and other officers grabbed oak heavers and belaying pins and were struggling and fighting on the outer rim of the crowd to break through to my assistance.

Connors and I, locked in a deathly grip, rolled back and forth in the small space left in the centre of the struggling crowd; first one was on top and then the other. Finally, he had my head in a bar lock and forced

it back hard on the deck, and at the same time he reached out with his foot to draw towards him a sheath knife that he or some of the others of the crew had dropped on the deck. The wicked look in his eye gave me no choice; I drew my gun out of my side pocket and as he turned towards me, knife in hand, I pushed the muzzle into his mouth, the steel barrel playing a tattoo between his teeth as my fingers nervously trembled with the trigger. I was saved from the necessity of the fatal act by the second mate, who, reaching over the crowd, tapped him on the head with the end of a heaver. The knife fell clattering to the deck from his nerveless hand, as he partly struggled to his feet, and he fell unconscious and bleeding to the deck.

With the leader down and out, it was but short work to subdue the others, and now having been taught their lesson, they gathered up their dunnage bags and kits, which had been strewn around the deck during the scrimmage, and with oaths and curses staggered half drunk towards the forecastle, dragging their belongings after them, but leaving Connors lying on the deck still unconscious. With the assistance of the steward and the medicine chest, we all now went to work first to bring Connors around, and then for the next hour to patch up and bandage the cut heads and bruised hands and faces of the other belligerents, not forgetting our own.

By supper-time, peace and quietness reigned once more, as most of the crew were stretched out on the forecastle floors, sleeping in a drunken stupor. It was utterly impossible to obtain any work from them in their present condition, and to use further force would have been useless brutality. So we let them sleep. At daybreak it was all hands on deck to unmoor ship and get ready for sea.

When the order was shouted in each forecastle door in

Ship *Wm. J. Rotch* of New Bedford, U.S.A.

stentorian tones, accompanied by an extra lot of particularly choice adjectives, it met with but slight response outside of the usual line of subdued curses, but gradually one by one the men came straggling out on deck, blinking their bleary eyes and rubbing their bruised and aching heads, and ambled slowly on to the forecastle head to man the capstan. By breakfast-time all moorings were in, the anchor hove short and hawser ready for the tug-boat. After breakfast all fore and aft sails were set and square-sails loosed ready for sheeting home. Then the hawser was quickly passed to the puffing little sidewheel tug, the capstan manned once more, and with the cry of "Anchor aweigh, sir," the signal was given to the tug and we were soon headed out towards the open sea. Now all square-sails were sheeted home, and as soon as we could weather the southern point of the bay, the tug cast off our hawser, and with three squeaky little blasts from its antediluvian whistle, hustled back towards the city.

Within the next twelve hours watches were chosen, all shore paraphernalia stowed below and, considering the make-up of our crew, we settled down quietly to the usual daily grind.

We had little more than the average number of unpleasant incidents during the voyage that were to be expected from such a complex crew, but no particular one assumed unusual importance; "Red" Connors, quite to our surprise, proving far more tractable than we anticipated.

The greatest source of annoyance, that kept our minds working overtime and caused us to lose many a watch below, was the question of rats. The strong fumes of ammonia arising from the cargo and the absence of anything edible in the holds naturally forced them to seek quarters on the upper deck. We tried rat poison with

quite some success at first, but after several had crawled in between the cabin partition before giving up the ghost, thereby necessitating the ship's carpenter tearing out the siding to relieve us from the stench, we used a couple of old steel traps and improvised others by setting a swivel head into a beef barrel filled with water, and used heavy holystones to prop up sticks made in the old figure of four, but with little success, as the rats seemed to increase in numbers and boldness each day. They ate holes over-night through the hardwood cabin partitions, stole socks out of our shoes while we slept, also balls of twine and beeswax used in sail-making, and dragged them into their nests between the partitions, where they seemed to produce a fresh family over-night. It was no trick at all when you turned out in the morning to find one or two drowned in your water pitcher, and to be awakened in the night by their running over your face. But the climax came when one night they attacked the captain's baby, who was sleeping with her mother. This caused the Old Man to swing a hammock from the cabin ceiling for future safety.

By the time we arrived in Queenstown for our orders, the whole upper works, both forward and aft, were completely riddled with rat-holes. We were instructed to proceed to Dunkirk on the north coast of France to discharge our cargo, and on the afternoon of March 21st, even though warnings were set of an approaching westerly gale, under the charge of a Trinity House Channel pilot, we hove up anchor and headed across the Irish Sea for Land's End.

As soon as we were clear of the land we began to feel the full strength of the approaching gale, but as the wind was fair we squared our yards and with reefed topsails on the fore and mizzen masts, and swinging a full main-

topgallant-sail, we raced off into the fast-darkening night at a ten-knot clip, the greatest speed the old packet had shown during the entire voyage.

Eight bells had just struck in the midnight, or death, watch, when the man stationed on look-out at the fore-topmast head sighted a fixed white light two points on the starboard bow. The Channel pilot, throwing off his pea jacket, grabbed his marine glasses and springing into the fore rigging nimbly climbed aloft to verify the look-out's report. In a few moments he was back on the quarter-deck, and jauntily walking up to the captain, announced with all the assurance he could command: "The Scilly Island light, sir, just as I expected; we'd better haul up about a couple of points more to the north, sir, to keep about in the centre of the channel when passing Land's End, sir."

Yards were braced and the course was changed accordingly, then all hands began to scan the darkness off our port bow to pick up the first gleam of the Land's End light. At 5.30, having failed to sight it, we noticed that the Channel pilot, hailing the look-out every few minutes, began to get nervous, and finally started off once more with a spurt to climb to the fore-topmast head to see for himself why the light had not been reported as our reckoning and his calculation showed it should.

The first grey streak of dawn had just began to show faintly through the darkness and mist upon the eastern edge of the horizon as the pilot reached the topmast head. In a moment, much to our surprise, we saw him come sliding down the fore-topmast back-stays to the deck and make a wild rush towards the quarter-deck, shouting as he ran: "My God, sir, we're on a lee shore; haul sharp up to the southward, sir, and pray God we can weather the End. The light I took for Scilly, sir, was the Long-

ships and we'll have the devil's own time to weather Land's End with the increasing gale."

It was now all hands out to shorten sail in order to meet the force of the fast-increasing gale as we hauled sharp up on the starboard tack and began our terrible struggle to try to work around the point.

The pilot, now completely unnerved, took several hookers of brandy, and crying and shivering like a whipped cur, crawled under the dining-room table, calling on all the saints in the calendar to save the ship from going ashore and him from losing his licence.

With a kick and a curse, the captain left him there and came up on deck to renew the valiant struggle we were putting up to work far enough to windward to make the Channel.

As day broke through the dark grey mist covering the shore, we could see the heavy waves dashing against the base of the high stone cliffs under our lee, shooting showers of white spray and foam up the dark sides, to fall into broken cascades, then back into the turbulent sea.

We were now carrying whole upper topsails with full courses and outer jib, reinforced by storm staysails and a reefed spanker. As the day strengthened the wind increased, while heavy seas washed over us fore and aft. The dead weight of our cargo seemed to have destroyed all the ship's buoyancy, and instead of rising to meet the oncoming waves we dived head-first into them, to emerge on the other side, shivering, trembling and shaking like a big Newfoundland dog, to clear our decks of the rushing waters.

We were holding our own and inch by inch working a little to the southward, but taking an awful battering and shaking up in return, and when two bells struck, or nine o'clock in the morning watch, a particularly heavy

gust of wind hove us partly over on our beam ends. As we began to straighten up, there was a sudden crash and the ship trembled from truck to keelson as the fore-topmast snapped off just below the head and came crashing down on the deck, bringing all the tophamper above with it, ripping the lower fore-topsail and foresail into shreds, which whipped and snapped in the howling gale like a volley of musketry, and leaving nothing standing forward of the foremast but the fore-staysail. In a moment our main and mizzen topsail halliards were let go by the run and mainsail clewed up.

While we started to cut away the wreckage, suddenly hundreds of rats came rushing out of the hold below and were washed away by the sea. Having lost our headway, we now fell off into the trough of the sea and swiftly and surely began to drift straight back towards those dangerous cliffs that we were trying so hard to avoid.

The next few hours were of great anxiety to all hands, as waist deep we struggled around the decks in the rushing seas to clear the wreckage and bend a new foresail and fore-topsail, for now our only salvation lay in getting on more sail at once to regain our headway, or be driven ashore by the pounding seas.

It was under these trying conditions that I first saw the evidence of a man's fear of death developed in its strongest form. Connors, the bad man with the cross eye, who under all circumstances used oaths in his general conversation in order to create the impression that he was utterly fearless of man, beast or the devil, now climbed up the main fife-rail and clung with both hands to the iron chain main-topsail sheets, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and in loud tones he appealed to the Holy Mother of Jesus not to let him drown like a dog in the sea.

There were three others of the so-called bad men filling

about the same position in other parts of the ship, all deep in despair and utterly worthless as far as physical assistance was concerned, until roused from their cowardly stupor by the second mate, who beat them up with an iron belaying pin when it became imperative to have the use of what little remaining strength they had to help get a new fore lower topsail from the quarter-deck forward in a hurry to replace the one blown away. Others plodded on in so-called service as though in a trance, casting furtive glances now and then at the seas breaking on the cliffs about three miles away, which were now plainly visible, and then at the ship wallowing in the sea, as though they were making mental calculations of the length of time that would elapse before we would be dashed against their sides. And others, perhaps like myself, assumed an air of confidence and unconcern, that was merely a subterfuge to cover the beating of anxious hearts and worried minds which were sorely perplexing us, as we watched the distance decrease, fathom by fathom, with each passing wave.

We had set distress signals as soon as the mist had cleared away, in the hope that the signal station on the top of the cliff might be able in some way or other—we knew not exactly how—to deliver us from our dilemma; and we also ran up our code signals requesting that a tug be sent, which they acknowledged by hoisting their answering pennant.

We had done everything physically possible to save the ship from destruction, but with poor success. Each moment now our anxiety increased; our only hope left was God and the signal station. Suddenly silhouetted against the dark grey sky a string of flags went fluttering up to the cross arm at the signal station, and the captain, removing the marine glasses from his eyes for a moment,

turned with a shout of joy and announced that tugs had left Falmouth harbour two hours ago bound to our assistance.

A great sigh of relief went up from all hands upon receipt of this information, and the old packet itself seemed to have received fresh inspiration and held on harder and harder to each fathom of distance separating us from the shore. It was shortly after eight bells, midday, when all the anxious eyes that had scanned the horizon for the last two hours were rewarded by seeing two faint streaks of black smoke curling along the horizon, just rounding the point, and through our telescope we could make out the smoke-stacks of the two big side-wheel ocean tugs, jumping their black hulls from wave to wave like two big porpoises, as they thrashed head on into each towering sea and made slowly, but surely, towards us.

We all seemed to breathe a bit easier, but it was still a close race between the tugs and the cliffs, the odds being a bit in favour of the former. At exactly 2.15 o'clock, with the cliffs just three-quarters of a mile away, we picked up the tugs' heaving line and hauled on board their heavy steel towing cable, and quickly lashing the end fast around the heel of the foremast and passing a round turn over the two towing stanchions on the forecastle head, we signalled " all fast," and then the two tugs, now hitched in tandem, began to forge slowly ahead, taking up the slack foot by foot. We all stood by awaiting with fear and trembling the moment when the full strain of the ship's resistance would fall upon the cable. If it held, we were saved; if it broke, we were doomed.

So skilfully was this strain taken up by the two boats that, as we suddenly rose on the crest of a gigantic wave, instead of falling off to leeward as it passed, we found our ship's head snubbed sharply but still so quietly and

easily into the wind that the jar was hardly perceptible. With a great shout of joy we all threw our caps into the air, and with smiles on our faces for the first time in twenty-four hours, we turned to with a will to finish clearing away the wreckage.

In four hours' time we were far enough to the southward and westward to clear Land's End, and as we squared our yards and once more sheeted home, our main topsails helping in the run up Channel, a large English ship, bound the same way, passed and, seeing us in tow like a lame duck, signalled sympathy.

At seven o'clock next evening we were safely moored in the roadstead at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and as the two tugs dropped alongside after taking in their hawsers, we lined the rails and gave them a hearty cheer.

It was then for the first time we learned that it was only by chance they happened to be at Falmouth, having arrived from London the night before, bound for Cardiff, and had run in for shelter over-night. Their names, the *Africa* and *Hibernia*, remain vividly engraved on my memory to this day. As for the two captains, the tact and manœuvring shown in their working out to us through the heavy seas and getting their tow line aboard was as fine a piece of seamanship as I ever beheld.

As for the Channel pilot, poor devil, he did lose his certificate, and in the end, upon hearing that he had a large family dependent upon him for support, we really all sympathized with him in his misfortune.

And, oh yes, the rats! After discharging our cargo at Dunkirk, we towed around to Cardiff to load coal for the west coast, and while there hired a professional rat-catcher to clear out the ship. In the first four days in which he set his traps, by actual count he caught six hundred and twenty-two rats alive, and in the next three days,

after careful study and numerous shifting of traps, he caught two more, the last and leaders of the lot, as he called them. And they looked it, with their broken tails and scarred bodies; their legs really looked as though they were covered with barnacles from their long sojourn in the ship's bilges. After that the ship seemed rather lonesome at night, and I greatly missed the sound of the rats scrambling and squealing between the partitions as I dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV

"Oh, Tommy's gone and I'll go too,
Ho 'way Hilo;
Tommy's gone and I'll go too,
Tom's gone to Hilo."
Deep Sea Chanty.

In a little bay way down on the west coast of Peru, just to the southward of the equator, where the sun is unobscured by clouds and rain is unknown, lay the little town of Pablōaone de pica, with its celebrated guano deposits. The town was made up of some dozen thatched-roofed huts and an antiquated salt-water condensing plant, equipped with a tall, old-fashioned, walking beam engine, its rusty arms projecting skyward high above the roofs of the surrounding huts. During each working day the engine discharged into the blue sky overhead jets of fleecy white steam in feathery clouds, and the rattle and wheezing noise of the rusty machinery was thrown like an echo from the face of the mountains and hills for miles out to sea.

Behind a narrow strip of sandy beach, which extended along the shore of a crescent-shaped point projecting into the ocean, at the base of the surrounding hills, is a large plateau where for centuries, undisturbed by man, millions of gulls and numerous other sea-birds made their homes, built their nests and reared their young. The scorching sun in due time turned their deposits into a rich fertilizer, known to commerce as guano, and as it was never washed away or dampened by rain or dew, it lay in beds from twelve to fourteen feet deep over the entire plateau. Outside of the guano-bird, the only insect or animal life that seemed

to thrive in the strong, ammonia-laden atmosphere were fleas and lizards; the fleas, especially, flourished in great numbers and aggressiveness.

Out from the bluff on the north side of this plateau were built several large wooden chutes. The guano was shovelled into barrows and dumped down these chutes into small open barges, and these barges were then towed by the crews of the various ships' boats out to the vessels lying at anchor about a mile off shore, loading mostly for European ports.

At the close of a sweltering day—each day being a repetition of the one before and a forecast of the one to follow—the sun, hot and dusty, like a dark yellow ball enshrouded in a golden mist, sank to rest in the ocean below the line of the western horizon. The various captains and mates of the American ships in the harbour gathered aboard the good ship *C. F. Sargent* to bid good-bye and a safe and speedy passage home to Captain Johnson of the *Independence*, whose ship had finished loading that afternoon, and in the morning was to start on her long homeward voyage around Cape Horn. A farewell dinner was always given aboard some one vessel of the fleet to the departing captain, and usually the night was well spent before the last good-bye was spoken.

A particularly congenial group gathered on this occasion, as nearly all the captains and mates hailed from some port in the State of Maine—a sort of family gathering, at which all of the old-fashioned, childish family games were played by the grown-ups, from " drop the handkerchief " to " blind-man's buff," and to add to the feeling of home enjoyment, three of the captains had with them their wives and young daughters. Captain Johnson had his wife, two girls, one four, the other six years old, and a boy of eight, also a middle-aged woman who acted as stewardess and nurse.

As eight bells struck, or midnight, the entire group said their last good-nights and went over the side. As Captain Johnson rowed away towards his ship, whose large black hull loomed up through the gloomy darkness about a mile across the bay, we all lined the ship's rail and joined in singing that old but ever sweet song, " Home, Sweet Home." What the singing lacked in harmony was more than offset by the volume of sound that was sent floating out into the heavy night air, as the rowers passed from sight and the soft splashing of their oars died away in the darkness.

The air seemed to grow more sultry and humid and the darkness more intense as we waited for our boat, and the high-pitched voices of a belated gang of drunken native labourers, returning from one of the cheap drinking places with which the town was infested, came distinctly to our ears over the still water.

Dinky Bunker, mate of the *Cutwater*, and I were about the last of the gang to go over the side, and as we headed across the bay towards our ships, we remarked about the peculiar quietness of the night and the subdued silent darkness surrounding us. When we were half-way home, we were hailed by our old friend, Sandy Clegg, mate of the *Falls of Inverness*, and invited to join him in a trip ashore to get a bottle of " Three Star Hennessey " brandy for the Old Man.

Now, the mention of brandy to Bunker was like waving a red rag at a bull, and in his haste to accept Clegg's invitation, I had hard work to restrain him from jumping overboard. Sending our boat on, in care of the dinghy boys, we climbed into Clegg's boat and rowed towards the shore, where one or two lonely lights still twinkled in the darkness. Leaving the two sleepy boys in the boat, which they hauled well up on the beach, we headed up shore for Flanagan's.

This man Flanagan, besides holding the position of fore-

man at the guano chutes, was able to add considerably to his income with the aid of his wife and family, who ran a boarding house, also took in washing, and, rather sad to state, furnished a very bad brand of whisky on the sly at an exorbitant price. To help while away the weary hours and encourage trade, one of his daughters would usually be found seated before an old water-soaked square piano that produced a sound something like an ivory billiard ball rolling around in a tin dishpan, strumming out the refrain of "Swanee River," "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight?" "Marching through Georgia," with the usual finale of "Home, Sweet Home."

We were just comfortably seated in Flanagan's reception-room with its concealed bar, when a sudden vibration of the earth shook and rocked the flimsy building like a ship labouring in a heavy sea. With a scream, the daughter jumped up from the piano and, followed by the whole family, made a wild dash for the door, all screaming in a wild and weird assortment of variegated voices: "An earthquake; to the mountains for your lives!" We asked no questions, but swiftly followed in their wake. Barely had we cleared the door when another tremor more violent than the first shook the earth, causing the flimsy building to collapse with a crash, shattering into pieces the kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling, and in a moment the whole place was a mass of flames, quickly sweeping from shack to shack along the entire beach.

Carried to our ears on the heavy air from out of the darkness enshrouding the bay came the hoarse shouting of many voices, mingled with the rattling chains on the iron hawse-pipes as the ships began to pay out their cables in anticipation of the extra strain that would be thrown upon them when the force of the tidal wave, whose white foaming crest, now faintly discernible in the darkness beyond, would

strike them, and then, with gathering force, sweep on to overwhelm what was left of the burning town.

Instinctively, not only men, women and children started in a mad rush for the hills and highlands back of the town, but also chickens, pigs, cats, dogs and every living thing that could move joined in the mad scramble to escape the terrors of the onrushing tidal wave, whose white crest, some thirty feet high, could now be seen by the light reflected from the burning town.

All around us we could hear the screams of frightened women and children and the crying of babies, mingled with the howling of dogs, the squawking of chickens and the bleating of goats, while the ground underneath our feet continued to quake and tremble, causing large pieces of rock to break off from the surface of the cliffs above and come dashing down the mountain-side, striking each other and leaving streaks of sparks behind them in the black night.

The peculiar thrill one experiences in an earthquake is distinctly different from any other feeling a person has ever experienced. There seems to be absolutely nothing solid or firm upon which to lay hold or with which to stabilize one's self.

Overcoming the many obstacles, we soon reached a slight plateau, considered to be above the usual danger zone, and we paused for a moment to catch our breath. As we looked back we saw the phosphorescent crest of the wave, now flattened out into a white seething foam, silently receding into the darkness of the ocean whence it had arisen.

Realizing that the danger was past, the whole motley group, weak, frightened and worn, dropped on the ground in the bleak and barren darkness, and with one accord offered up prayers of thankfulness for their deliverance.

Clegg, who throughout the trying ordeal had struggled

on quietly but breathing hard, now broke the moment's silence by turning to Bunker and blurting out: "Say, Bunker, do you know how to pray?"

"I don't know, Clegg; I used to know the Lord's Prayer years ago, but darned if I haven't forgotten the most of it now."

"Well, suppose you get busy and let us have what you do remember and we'll join you in the chorus."

So, with teeth still chattering, we all began to follow him, repeating as much as we knew of anything that might sound like a prayer of deliverance, mixed up with a great many other words that would hardly pass as orthodox, when some person or animal, shifting around in the darkness, stumbled over our legs or feet. All the animals now seemed to have the same spirit of thankfulness and joined in an anthem of praise made up of the most unearthly series of barks, howls, groans and squeals to which mortal ears ever listened.

The rumblings now became less and less frequent, and seemed to pass off over the mountains to the eastward, so, spreading our coats on the ground, we stretched ourselves to get what little rest was possible after our trying climb. It was impossible to sleep, as the crying of children and hoarse shouts of men and women trying to locate their families and friends made a tumult of noise. It was a long wait for the first appearance of the light heralding the approach of the new day.

Slowly the high mountain peaks in the east began to reflect the glimmer of the rising sun, and as the first faint streaks of light pierced the darkness below us, we looked off towards the sea and ships. The familiar shore-line of the day before was gone, and instead we saw a long even strip of sand reaching out to the ocean; and where a few hours before a town had stood, nothing was left but the tall

iron walking beam of the engine of the water-condensing plant, which raised its one long arm out of the sand towards the sky. Once again the ocean rolled in gentle waves of foam along the white sandy beach as though nothing had ever disturbed its calm and placid bosom.

Our thoughts were now of the ships and our shipmates, and as we worked our way down the tortuous path, where a few hours before we had climbed with such alacrity, Clegg in advance calling out the name of each ship as he sighted it in the fast-growing light, suddenly Bunker cried out: "Clegg, where's the *Independence?* She's not there!" And search as we could, there was no trace of her.

When at last we reached the beach we found that boats from the various ships were patrolling the shore, and the tragic news of the *Independence* was soon told us.

Following the usual custom, the side ports of the ship opening into the between decks had been left open for ventilation from the ammonia fumes, to be caulked early in the morning before getting under way. Unfortunately, the ship was also equipped with an old-fashioned barrel windlass, and when the tidal wave struck her it was impossible to pay out cable fast enough to overcome the strain suddenly put upon the windlass. The cable jambed on the barrel, the hawse-pipes were torn out, the chain cut through the planking far down below the load water line, and instead of rising over the crest of the wave, her bows were drawn under it as the wave swept her decks clean from stem to stern, carrying everything movable into the sea, and throwing the ship over on her beam ends, as she sheered sideways upon the returning wave. The water rushing in volumes through her uncaulked side ports and deck hatches quickly filled the hold below, and she began to settle rapidly, while nothing remained on deck but pieces of splintered boats, a few hatch covers, loose planks, and gratings. The crew

grasped anything that would sustain a human body and one by one dropped off into the sea and were carried away by the swirling waters.

The captain, with the assistance of the ship's mate and carpenter, succeeded finally in unlashing the ship's gangway and getting it over the side. Upon this he placed his wife with the youngest child in her arms, and the nurse with the next older in her arms, then he followed with the boy clinging to his back. He grasped the side of the gangway as it slipped clear of the ship and went swirling off into the darkness, washed fore and aft by the seething sea. The captain called out words of advice and encouragement to the women-folk and all hands loudly called for help, hoping to attract the attention of the various ships' boats already out in their work of rescue.

The hoarse voices of the officers in charge of these boats could be heard coming nearer and nearer across the waters in answer to their calls. In this way they had drifted for some fifteen minutes, which to them must have seemed hours, when suddenly out of the dark waters surrounding them appeared the hands, quickly followed by the head of the Chinese steward, struggling blindly towards them in his frantic efforts to find something to cling to before strength deserted him. As his hands clutched the already overloaded gangway, in his terror he attempted to draw his tired body over its rail for safety. The captain, scenting this new peril confronting them, worked his way laboriously towards him and with superhuman effort grasped him by the throat and choked him until the steward's hands gradually released their hold on the rail, and with a final gasp, he disappeared under the dark surface of the sea. It was a case of one life or many.

This was the last thing the captain remembered until he regained consciousness to find himself lying in one of the

spare state-rooms of the *C. F. Sargent*, with the anxious eyes of his rescuers staring into his face, their strained countenances now relaxing into a smile of relief as he slowly opened his eyes.

The men of the *Sargent's* boat had found him floating in the darkness partly unconscious, with one arm thrown over a heavy plank, the other locked tightly around the form of his unconscious boy. In some unaccountable way he had been separated from his wife and other children.

During the rest of the night diligent search was continued to locate, if possible, the gangway with its precious freight, but without success, as no further sounds came over the water to guide the searchers towards their goal.

The submerged gangway was finally sighted nearly a mile out to sea by one of the look-outs on the ship's mast-heads, but the closest scrutiny through the ship's glasses failed to reveal the presence of human life on it. This was later verified by a visit of the ship's boats.

Now began the watch along the wreck-strewn shore, a watch that in a few hours was rewarded by finding their bodies; also that of the Chinese steward, and of numerous natives who had been overtaken in the darkness by the tidal wave.

As the long, even-rolling swells came in from the ocean and broke lazily along the beach, scattering their white-crested foam in spider-like webs of lace-work along the sandy shore, so peaceful and quiet, one could hardly believe it was the same cruel, restless sea that only a few hours before caused such desolation, hardship and suffering.

When we reported the sad news to Captain Johnson and told him the positions in which the bodies were found, he was quite puzzled over the fact that the youngest child, who was in the arms of the mother when placed on the gangway, was in the arms of the stewardess when found, while

the mother clasped the child that had originally been placed with the stewardess.

It was the evening of the first day after the wreck before I personally saw Captain Johnson. When I had bidden him good-bye the night before, his face was tanned and ruddy with the glow of perfect health and his hair as black as a raven's wing, but now his face was pallid and yellow and his hair was heavily tinged with grey. The physical and mental hardships he had undergone during less than twenty-four hours had transformed him from an active man of forty into a trembling and nervous wreck.

Early the next morning, before the hot sun had climbed above the mountain peaks in the east, we dug a row of temporary graves on a plateau up the hillside, shaded from the glare of the hot tropical sun by the heavy overhanging green leaves of the plants and vines of the primeval forest, where we placed them all to rest. Their bodies were enclosed in rough pine boxes, hurriedly constructed by the ships' carpenters, and planting a white wooden cross at the head of each grave, we turned in silence and walked down the hill, leaving them to rest in peace until such time as kind friends could make arrangements to take their bodies back to the States.

Then the wild rush for Callao, and repairs for such ships as had been damaged to an extent that would imperil their safety in continuing homeward.

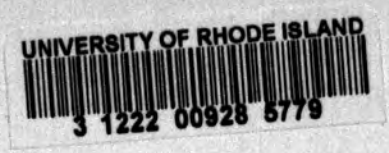
The surviving inhabitants began to busy themselves in hastily rebuilding temporary homes practically upon the spot where the old town had stood forty-eight hours before, using every available piece of drift-wood and canvas.

Our ship was one of the first to get under way. The mates of the other ships with their spare men came on board, as was the usual custom, to give us a hand in heaving up anchor and getting under way.

Sandy Clegg remarked to Bunker as we three stood by the gangway to say our last good-byes: "Say, Dinky, it's too damned bad that 'quake scared me so that I dropped that bottle of brandy. There must be quite a stock of that stuff buried in the sand where Flanagan's shack stood, and the first chance I have to get ashore, I'm going to try and locate the spot and see if I can't salvage some of the stuff; for we're sure a long way from home, and it's a hot, thirsty country, and the good Lord only knows how long it will be before I get back to civilization, where a man can get a whole bottle of 'Three Star' and clasp it to his bosom knowing it's all his alone." And with a tear in his eye, and heaving a heavy sigh as he thought of his late personal misfortune, his red thatched head disappeared over the side.

While we filled away our main-yards and sheeted home our courses, we stood out to sea with all sails set, Homeward Bound.

"We're homeward bound to New York town;
Good-bye, fare you well; good-bye, fare you well.
We're homeward bound to New York town;
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound."



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